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WEEKLY NOTES.

IN spite of growing evidences of the public disgust, the great struggle for the Senate offices goes forward, with about as much energy as that fought in 1859 over JOHN SHERMAN'S candidacy for the Speakership. The Republicans of the Senate and their friends seem to think that they only need to put the Democrats in the wrong to prove that they themselves are right. That the Democrats have been in the wrong in the matter, we have always asserted. But even so, the Republicans are not justified in accepting the challenge thus offered them, unless the matter at stake is great enough to justify the delay of public business, and the waste of public money involved. In an effort to secure or prevent legislation of national importance, or even to secure the election of officers whose positions involve the control of national policy, the most prolonged resistance would require no apology. But this is not the case when all that is at stake is the control of a lot of petty offices, whose only significance is that they furnish opportunities to put a number of political workers into places where they cannot do much harm. When the stake is as small as this, the struggle becomes a public scandal, which ought to excite the indignation of honest men of all parties, who care for the national dignity and know how such a squabble will disgrace us in the eyes of the world, when its nature comes to be understood.

ONE effect of the delay has been the entire suspension of business in the bureau of the Indian Commission. Among the two hundred nominations before the Senate, is one for this position, and, until it is confirmed, there is no person with legal authority to administer Indian affairs. But those who are especially concerned to have justice done the Indians have not waited for this to begin their pressure upon Mr. GARFIELD'S administration. A company of Friends, along with Mr. SCHURZ, waited upon the President, Secretary KIRKWOOD, and the new Commissioner, and urged the claims of the red men to fair treatment, and to such legislation as is required for the improvement of their social condition. They received assurances that Mr. GARFIELD and his associates are fully alive to the importance of the Indian problem, and that, while aware that there is another side, the white man's side, to many Indian questions, they would do all that in them lay to secure justice. Especially they will urge Congress to take measures to put an end to the existing communistic land tenure, and to promote their general education.

We may say here that Mr. SCHURZ has done himself great credit by his general attitude towards Indian questions since his retirement from office. He has labored for peace among all classes who are interested in the welfare of our national wards, and to unite those who disapproved of his Ponca policy, with those who could see no fault in anything that an Independent member of the Cabinet could do or plan. He shows that, in spite of his mistakes, he cares more for the great issues of the Indian question than for those smaller issues upon which he was divided from many excellent persons.

THE MAHONE negotiations are already beginning to produce their natural effects in the Southern States. The Republican party of Virginia is demoralized, and may be expected to march for the future

under the standard of the Repudiators. And in Missouri, where Democratic mismanagement has produced a reaction in the large cities, as shown by the recent elections, there is a plan on foot to effect a grand rally of all the anti-Democratic elements, Republicans, Greenbackers, etc., for the conquest of the State. Some of the Republican newspapers take the ground that since the Democrats did this thing in Maine, there is no reason why the Republicans should not do it in Virginia and Missouri. But when once the Republican party comes down to that level of political morality, it may open its doors for a big exodus of the best men of its own party.

THE United States Senate has asked, very properly, what action our Government has taken in the case of Mr. BOYTON, an American citizen of Irish descent, condemned without hearing, trial, or a statement of his offence, to an imprisonment which may prove perpetual. And the newspapers which sneered at the State Legislatures for similar acts,—as, for instance, that of Tennessee, where the Irish vote counts for nothing,—seem to have forgotten to sneer at the National Senate. Whether Mr. BOYTON has been guilty of a specific crime, or has been sent to jail, as Mr. DAVITT was, because he was troublesome, is not the question at issue. It is the right of the English Government to imprison American citizens without the due process of law recognized in every civilized country except Italy and Ireland. If Mr. BOYTON has been guilty of any criminal offence, America has no right to demand his release after conviction of it. But if an English subject had been sent to Fort Lafayette during the rebellion, without even a specification of his offence, and with no prospect of his release till hostilities were over, we should have heard from Downing street with great promptness. In this case there is not the excuse for his arrest which a state of war would furnish; and whether Mr. BOYTON has been well advised or ill advised in the part he has taken in Irish politics, we owe it to our national dignity to demand that he be tried before being punished.

PENNSYLVANIA is having political trouble over one of Mr. GARFIELD'S nominations, not unlike that in New York with regard to the nomination of Judge ROBERTSON. The postmastership at Bethlehem is not so large a place as the Collectorship at New York, but it is one of the most important in the Commonwealth. The office being vacant, two candidates were put forward. One of these found favor with the politicians, from Mr. CAMERON down. The other was supported by the business men and corporations of Bethlehem. Mr. GARFIELD and Mr. JAMES decided for the latter, and his nomination is one of the two hundred which may or may not be confirmed before December. For this act of insubordination on the part of the President, Mr. CAMERON has declared war, in the very strongest words in the English language, upon the Administration; and he has decided to do his utmost for the defeat of Mr. GARFIELD'S nominee. Mr. CAMERON does not enjoy at present the prestige of a very formidable antagonist. His successes at Chicago and at Harrisburg have not been so brilliant as to lead us to expect to see him in the lists again at an early date. But if he chooses to enter them he will find that he is making arrangements for his *third* defeat.

MR. KIRKWOOD is the first of the new Administration to run his head against Mr. HAYES's Civil Service Reform. As Congress had authorized the appointment of some hundred and thirty clerks in the Pension Bureau, to relieve the overworked clerks in carrying out the provisions of the Arrears of Pensions Law, the new Secretary of the Interior ascertained the locality of each of the clerks in the Interior Department, and requested the Congressmen of those States which seemed to have less than a fair share, to send him in names. After making the appointments on these lines, he discovered, what he should have known beforehand, that he had no right to make any such selections. It is required by law that the appointments in the Department of the Interior shall be made by competitive examinations, and that these examinations shall be more extensive and difficult for the higher clerkships than for the lower. Consequently, Mr. KIRKWOOD has been obliged to cancel all his appointments, and to confess to an oversight which must be held rather surprising in a Cabinet officer. It is charged by the newspaper correspondents that the best places were those created by the new law, and that these were all given to the new men, while the claims of the older clerks to promotion were passed over. If so, the clerks who know most of the workings of the bureau will have their revenge now, as they will have naturally the best chance of passing the examinations for the higher places. As our readers know, we are not admirers of the measures adopted by Mr. HAYES and Mr. SCHURZ for the reform of the Civil Service; but we think that these rules may do something else than unmitigated evil in the case of heads of departments with Mr. KIRKWOOD's ideas as to the distribution of patronage.

NEW YORK CITY has hundreds of cases of typhus fever on hand, and with streets crowded with filth is awaiting the advent of warm weather to see an epidemic outbreak of this or some other zymotic disease. And the State Legislature cannot be persuaded to take proper action for the city's relief, lest the Democratic Mayor should use the power thus vested in him for political purposes. In the worst days of the TWEED rule, there was no more shameful piece of misgovernment than this. Some of the New York papers have the good sense to draw the proper inference, viz., that the city and lower counties should have a separate State government. Nothing else can save them from the endless see-saw of Republican and Democratic, State and city authority. Nothing else can give the city a charter which will remain in force long enough to be tested, and which will secure efficiency by concentrating authority. In a political point of view, the change would be very desirable. It would sunder a great Republican from a great Democratic community, and give each its legitimate voice in national affairs. It would abate the fierceness of our Presidential conflicts, by giving us two more States of fixed party allegiance. And it would relieve to some extent the inequalities of the national representation, by giving four Senators to a population which now has two, and which is the largest in the Union. Of course there are difficulties in the way. One would be a division of the State property, and another would be the future management of the Erie Canal, which would lie entirely within one of the new States, but would be of vital importance to the other. But a compromise might be reached through the State of Manhattan abandoning its claim to any share in the public property at Albany, on condition of receiving a perpetual lease of the canal, subject to a rent bearing a definite relation to the business of the year.

We greatly regret the decision reached in a recent investigation of the conduct of a school teacher in Philadelphia, who was charged with giving needless offence to the religious sensibilities of Roman Catholic children. The language admitted as having been used was needlessly offensive, and the more so as it seems to have been *à propos* of nothing laid down in the text-books or curriculum

of the school. It is of course difficult to teach history honestly without saying things which will hurt somebody's feelings; and nothing but a genuine religious spirit, which is the reverse of the bitter spirit of sectarianism, will suffice to prevent such offence. But Miss SCULL was not set to do any teaching which involved this risk. She seems to have gone out of her way to meet it, and all the more zealously because a part of her pupils were Roman Catholics. Her conduct deserves the disapproval of every true friend of our public school system. She is strengthening the hands of its enemies, by making it as good as impossible for Roman Catholic parents to choose between the public and the parochial schools. Those parents who would like to have less catechism and more literature for their children than the latter schools furnish, will hesitate now about exposing their children to school influence which they must regard as nothing less than irreligious.

OUR Commissioners have sailed for Europe to attend the International Conference on the silver question, but before they started the cable brought intelligence which seems to show that they are on a bootless errand. England has decided not to accept the invitation, after conning its terms with suspicion, and finding, or thinking she found, that acceptance would commit her beforehand to the bi-metallic programme. And the terms in which Mr. GLADSTONE refers to the matter indicate that his Ministry are very far from ready to adopt that programme. Nothing but the most urgent necessity will induce England to abandon her mono-metallic basis of the last sixty years; and at present there is no such pressure of necessity. The worst of the prostration in all branches of business, except that in agriculture, is over; Indian finance is not so much a matter of perplexity as it was a few years ago; and, on the whole, the national English conservatism has room for its usual insular policy in this matter. Yet there is feeling enough on the subject in England to lead to the presentation of a memorial, largely signed by men of monetary weight, asking the Government to unite in some settlement of the question.

Without the co-operation of England, it would be absurd for the United States to commit itself to the programme of the new convention. That programme is, as it ought so be, a very thorough one. It proposes free coinage at the old European rate of 1:15.5, until 1900, in every State which signs the agreement, and that the gold and silver coin thus supplied shall be equally legal tender for all payments. Now, even though the continents of Europe and America were united on that plan, we should not give it our adherence without the accession of England also. To do so would be to arrange the commerce of the world for her convenience, and to enable her to pay her debts in silver, while she refused anything but gold when the balance was in her favor. It would be the first step to gathering into England nearly the whole supply of the more valuable and convenient metal of the two, while she went on with her old policy of discrediting and depreciating the silver, to whose use she left the rest of the world. For our part, with twice as much gold in the national Treasury as in the vaults of the Bank of England, and with the certainty that our importation from Europe this year will reach a hundred millions, we can afford to wait until Europe has been so drained of gold that the remonetization of silver will have become a necessity.

Mr. CARLYLE has made a deserved but somewhat tardy acknowledgment of his indebtedness to New Englanders, by leaving to Harvard College the books he used in the preparation of his *Cromwell* and his *Frederick*. In no part of the world did Mr. CARLYLE's great abilities and moral services to his own generation, meet with so prompt a recognition as in the intellectual world of which Harvard may be taken as the centre.

There were several points in his literary career when he would have done well to remember this. The fact that such a man as

Mr. EMERSON had pronounced decidedly against the maintenance of American slavery, might have suggested at least to Mr. CARLYLE that that institution was a tree capable of bearing fruits not "for the healing of the nations." But in no instance did these considerations move him to so much as a suspension of judgment in the matter. Throughout our deadly struggle for national existence, he sat among the scorers, and in 1864 publicly taunted the country with its powerlessness to put down the rebellion. He helped to make public opinion against America, in the very quarter where that opinion might have proved most dangerous. And not until he read the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, was he brought to see that there was more in the matter than he had supposed. We can forgive him now, though far less readily than we have forgiven those who fought against us for what they thought the rights of the States. And we congratulate Harvard on the possession of such a memento.

PROFESSOR LAVELEYE of Liege, in his great work on "Primitive Property," praises the economic arrangements of a large number of the Swiss communes as preventing the growth of a pauper class in that republic, by giving every member of the community proprietary rights in the common lands. It now seems that this very community in property furnishes a motive for conduct which is both cruel to the poorer members of the commune, and highly unjust to foreign countries, especially America. As soon as there is danger that a person may become more or less dependent on the commune, the authorities manage to discover something excessively unpleasant which they can force him to do, and if he refuses, tell him that the only alternative is emigration. They give him enough to pay his passage, with a pittance besides to start him in the New World, and then ship him for New York. The fact first came to notice in the discovery that a larger proportion of blind, crippled, and paupers, was found among our foreign-born population than among native Americans; and the watchful care of our consuls in Europe has furnished the true explanation. The Swiss Republic has passed an excellent law to restrain this practice of "assisting" emigration in the case of persons not likely to make their way in America. But the fact that new cases have occurred since the law was enacted, shows the necessity for strict attention to the matter on the part of our diplomatic representatives.

THERE is probably no business which more unsettles the judgment, and leaves men more open to pleasing delusions, than that of the professional agitator. The very isolation which it involves when secrecy is employed, tends to give an exaggerated sense of self-importance, while it confuses the moral perception as to the justice of the means employed. Every little group of conspirators has wonderful tales as to their own influence and affiliations in high quarters, and believes itself the arbiter of the public destinies of great men. It is out of an atmosphere of this sort that the charges come which impugn two members of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet as having Socialist affiliations, and which represent the English Ministry as acting under orders from Prince BISMARCK in arresting the editor of the Socialist paper. No doubt the authors of these charges believe them fully. They are of those *idola speciei* which belong to the profession of the agitator. But it is absurd that Lord CHURCHILL even should think them important enough for ventilation in the House of Commons.

On our side of the Atlantic there is a group of agitators of much the same sort, who are doing a great deal of injury to the Irish cause. Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his friends are repudiated not only by the Land League people, but even by the Irish Nationalists, and have no importance of any kind. But by claiming credit for every wild and criminal act done or supposed to be done by Irishmen in the

United Kingdom, and by publishing decrees for the death of Mr. GLADSTONE and the like, they are helping to create the impression that there is a widespread and effective Irish conspiracy on foot, corresponding not to the Fenian Brotherhood, but to the English idea of that Brotherhood,—an idea based chiefly if not entirely on the Clerkenwell explosion. In this way one little knot of mischief-makers, who have neither money nor friends nor influence, are managing to do a great deal of harm to the Irish people, without advancing by a hair's breadth the cause of Irish independence.

"THE accused have received copies of the indictment against them." This dispatch refers, not to the Irishmen who have been consigned to prison for years without a hearing, but to the Nihilists who assassinated the Czar. The former are not so highly favored, and we made a mistake in saying that they were. Not a man of them is told for what he has been arrested, nor can their friends, by questions put in Parliament, ascertain their offence. This is British law, as Irishmen have it dealt out to them. This is what a British Parliament deliberately voted, with the cordial applause of some half-dozen of our foremost American newspapers.

OF the main features of Mr. GLADSTONE's new Land Bill, so far as the cable newsmongers have chosen to make them known to us, we have spoken elsewhere. It is of ill omen for the success of the bill in the House of Lords, that the Duke of ARGYLE secedes from the Cabinet because he cannot reconcile the measure with his Whiggish notions of the rights of property. He will not vote for the abolition of all classes of land owners except peasant proprietors. It will be remembered that the Duke was one of the great Whig magnates who voted last year for the bill to restrain evictions, which was thrown out by the Lords. His present action indicates that, so far as the mere force of opinion goes, this bill will have less support than that had in the upper House. It remains to be seen whether Mr. GLADSTONE will in this instance have recourse to any of the constitutional expedients by which Peers have been at times induced to waive their personal opinions, and to accept those measures which the Cabinet and the Commons regard as of vital importance. As to the Duke's estimate of the working of the bill, we think it somewhat exaggerated. It will not go a great way towards transferring the ownership of the island to the possession of the actual cultivators; but even if it effected a complete transfer, it would not make Ireland a prosperous and contented country, while it left her without manufactures.

It does little credit to the acuteness of the landlord interest, that they have never discovered the ground upon which they might discredit and reasonably resist any innovation in the land laws. They are disposed to fall back upon the abstract rights of property, and to denounce the agitators of all degrees as incipient Communists. But then they are met by the plea that the public interests compel an interference with their rights in this case, just as they do in the creation of a railroad. And in the United Kingdom, private interests, however sacred in the abstract, always have to give way to the public when there is a collision. A much stronger defence, of the landlords, and one which would divide the Irish agitators themselves, would be found in the contention that what Ireland needs is not legislation about land, but legislation for the creation in Ireland of those "alternative occupations" without which the Irishman is not free to make what can be called a free contract. Give the Irishman something else to do; create employment for him at home; utilize the vast waste of Irish labor. When that is done, you will not be forced to choose between driving either the landlord class or the tenant class out of the country. Then "the pressure of the people upon the land" will cease; rents will be

even higher than now, but far less burdensome, and harmony between the classes will take the place of this prolonged enmity.

"But," cries every Whig, "do you mean us to create, on Irish soil, by protection, industries which will not arise there without it?" Protection is one way of doing it. Another would be the exemption of manufacturing property from public burdens, and in some cases premiums upon native products. However it is to be effected, this is exactly what must be done for Ireland before there will be any high degree of prosperity and contentment among her people. Lord DUFFERIN is the only man of prominence, since Mr. BUTT's death, who sees this clearly. His book on the Irish land question showed the selfish and wicked policy pursued by the manufacturing classes of England, in the destruction of the woolen and other manufactures of Ireland, and, by inference, the mockery of asking a people, thus deliberately checked in their industrial development, to enter upon a free competition with the manufactures of countries which had grown normally. But Whig doctrine was too strong for his judgment. He described the disease most accurately, but he dared not ever mention the remedy. What he did not propose will be effected by the logic of events. Discontent will continue, with but little abatement, whatever the new land law may do. It will end in separation from England, and a protective tariff will be one of the first measures passed by the new Irish parliament.

THE condition of the laboring class in England is even worse than that of the farmers. In Bedfordshire, for instance, they are said to be in a most lamentable and precarious condition. Their mental and moral growth is the most backward of any class in the two islands, being far below that of the Irish cottier or the Highland crofter. To keep the wolf from the door has been the one struggle which has occupied their whole life, and their children commonly have no time for more education than can be got in a Sunday school, as they have to earn their living as soon as they are old enough to begin frightening birds out of a wheat-field. From that they get their promotion to herding cattle, and then to the hard life of a ploughboy, as the steps preliminary to full work and full wages. Full work means the very utmost that a man's strength is equal to; full wages, the pittance that will suffice to keep body and soul together. "The fault," it is said, "is in themselves. They have too many children." They do multiply very rapidly, as all uncultivated classes do. But it is useless to talk of faults to a class which have not the intelligence to appreciate an evil or apply a remedy. Here are millions of Englishmen, of pure Saxon and Danish blood most of them, who lie as absolutely outside the public life of the nation as do the Russian *moujiks*, or as did our own slaves. They have not the intelligence required for a larger horizon than their own parish. They are given no voice in the councils of the nation. They are, most of them, descendants of Saxon churls and medieval yeomen, who had land of their own by a tenure older than that by which the king had his crown. To this they have been forced by the long series of acts of violence and chicanery by which the nobles got possession of English land. And with these people is England's one chance for an agricultural future.

A large number of prominent churchmen and religious newspapers are discussing the question of the alleged decline of interest in religious services. Some of them say that the fact in question has not been established to their satisfaction, while others admit and deplore it. In some marked instances, individual ministers retain a hold upon large congregations, and extend their influence over large portions of society, with as much power as ever, and in the quieter and more steady parts of the land there is as great a

practice of church-going as ever there was, and, indeed, far greater than in the earlier decades of our history. The American Churches, have made great advances since 1819, and have far more than held their own with the growth of population. But they are not, at this time, making good their position at the old rate, and their friends are justly dissatisfied with their recent statistics of growth.

One chief reason we believe to be that the churches have not addressed themselves to what are the real ethical problems of our land and time. They have preached a good deal about *sin*, but not enough, as THEODORE PARKER used to say, against *sins*; and what they have done in this behalf has been weakly and without effect. For instance, the money-worship, which is eating out the heart of much of our social and moral life, and which seems to furnish an exact parallel to that rebuked by Jesus of Nazareth in his time, has not been handled in the direct and incisive way in which He treated it. The Church has been tempted constantly, and does not always escape the temptation, to court the support of the rich by silence as to the ways by which riches are acquired. When a Chicago millionaire leaves the money he made by corners in pork, to found a mission church and school, it is only the Socialists who raise a distinct and public protest against the acceptance of the gift. And this instance is but one out of thousands less marked in contrast, but involving the same principles. The churches have multitudes in their membership who do not "take heed and beware of covetousness,"—who measure their success in life by the money they make,—and who regard their business not as something held in trust for God, but as something by which they are to serve and enrich themselves. They are having their "good things in this life" only, so far as any man can judge of the tenor of their lives from their acts and words. And yet they manage to superinduce upon their sort of life a religion of emotions and observances, which does not disturb them much. And so long as the pulpit leaves them "at ease in Zion," the Church need not expect to grow in the respect of either their class or any other.

"We need a great revival of religion", some tell us. We do. But there are revivals, and revivals. Out of one great revival of religion grew the sect of the Pharisees, and the religious condition of Judea at the opening of the Christian era. A revival in the direction of a new interest in the Sermon on the Mount and in the Ten Commandments is greatly needed.

It is urged in some quarters that the Church's greatest need is a readjustment to the intellectual needs of the age. There is truth in this, but a truth of lesser moment than the need of a moral readjustment. But it is true that very much of our religious life and organization is stamped with the idiosyncrasies of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that these peculiarities have no more of external value and significance than the oddities of the last new nineteenth century sect, and far less claim to men's attention.

Our religious systems are chiefly importations from countries whose moral and intellectual environment was quite different from our own, and were not devised by men whose thoughts and words always pierced through the sand of the temporary to the everlasting rock. They are in many cases as impertinent to the needs and thoughts of our time as would be political parties organized on the issues represented by GUELPH and GIBELLINE. Not that the need of this age is any brand new version of the old gospel. That old document itself, as interpreted by the best and most vital thought of all the later ages, and as understood by the highest and purest spirits in the Church's history is just what we need. AUGUSTINE, BERNARD, LUTHER, PASCAL, LEIGHTON, CHANNING, COLERIDGE, and MAURICE have not thought in vain. They and all such have help for us. But the scholasticisms and the mechanisms

of the past are dead, and the American Churches can do better with their energies than labor to galvanize them into a pretence of life.

Our very divisions are a crying shame to our Christianity. The thought of Jesus Christ was the unity of all mankind under the Fatherhood of God, and through the possession of the same spirit. But his disciples seem to have labored to obscure that thought from men, by associating his name with all that is narrow, exclusive, divisive and uncharitable. They have made his very name a *nehushtan* to souls who have been yearning after just the same great ideal, and they have taught people to think of Christianity only as a dividing and alienating element. And in our American Babel this is the more remarkable as our sects are chiefly importations from Europe, with no native rights on the soil. Our really American sects have been in most instances ill-judged attempts to get rid of all sects by organizing a new one.

THE NEW LAND-LAW FOR IRELAND.

MR. GLADSTONE'S new law to regulate the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and to favor the creation of a peasant proprietorship, is now before Parliament. But it is not before the American public in any authentic statement of its provisions. The cable brought us what professed to be such a statement a day before the bill was introduced, then discredited it as unauthorized and incorrect. It then gave us an outline of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, and referred us back to its own discredited summary as in the main an accurate account of the bill, but with no warning as to the points where it is untrustworthy. But the superior insight of our American newspapers has triumphed over the difficulties thus presented as to a clear vision. They find the bill altogether excellent, worthy of Mr. GLADSTONE, and a final settlement of the Irish difficulty, so far as any settlement is possible for so unmanageable a country.

With this proviso, that there is some room to doubt the accuracy of our information, we may remark that the bill is very characteristic of Mr. GLADSTONE,—its chief author. It reflects his penetrating intellect, his grasp of financial questions, and his weakness for wire-drawn and hair-split distinctions and arrangements. A great measure would have been not half so complicated, and, therefore, ten times more intelligible to the people for whose benefit it was drafted, and upon whose actual comprehension of it depends its success.

Mr. BUTT'S "three F's" form the basis for an estimate of the bill. *Fixity of tenure* it does not concede, but treats the matter after much the fashion of the Law of 1870. The landlord can still get rid of his tenant after a fifteen years' lease has expired, and at the cost of a heavy fine to himself. The fine is somewhat heavier than before; but eviction is still possible. And the terrible defect in the law of 1870, putting it in the power of the landlord to evict in times of famine without incurring a fine, is still left as part of the law. As Ireland, like every other purely agricultural country, is sure to have periodical famines, the world will again be treated to the spectacle of the eviction from their wretched homesteads of those for whom the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant is asking the world's alms to keep them from starving.

Fair rent is to be determined every fifteen years by a land-court, created expressly for this purpose. Either landlord or tenant may make their appeal to this court, or they may make their private arrangement without any reference to it. And when once the rent has been fixed, it cannot be altered by either party for fifteen years, and any failure to pay it is a ground for eviction.

Free Sale is conceded in a partial way. It is peremptory when the landlord tries to raise the rent, and is accompanied by compensation for disturbance. It may be made peremptory on the land-

lord's part, when the tenant will not accept the terms which the county court thinks fair. In all other cases, it is within the right of the landlord to object to sale of the tenant's right, and if the county court sustains the objection the tenant must retain his holding. This is probably the finest and most GLADSTONE-ish piece of balancing in the bill, and is in the abstract just enough. But it will be excessively difficult to carry out such an arrangement in practice, and the very intricacy of the measure will lead to gross injustice being effected under it. It was feared that this was the head on which the bill would fall farthest short of the measure of reform asked by the Irish people of all classes. But it is as regards fixity of tenure that the bill is most defective.

The best thing in the bill is the new version of the BRIGHT clauses. The tenant of any kind of Irish land is now given all the opportunities furnished in 1869 to the tenants of church land, except that he must first induce his landlord to sell. If the landlord is willing, the State will advance three-fourths (instead of two-thirds, as formerly), of the purchase money, and will recoup itself by charging five per cent. interest for thirty-five years. Mr. PARNELL and his friends go a step farther, and ask that such sales be made compulsory on the landlord, instead of voluntary. But this step Mr. GLADSTONE is not ready to take, until he is satisfied that the public interests demand such an interference with proprietary rights for the sake of creating a peasant proprietorship.

The worst thing in the bill, and that which will help to rob it of favor among the Irish people, is its proposal to advance government money to aid emigrants on a large scale. For forty years past English newspapers have been saying that Ireland would never be at peace till the Irish were out of it,—were as scarce on the banks of the Liffey as the Red Indian on those of the Hudson. There is no stronger passion in the Irishman's breast than his love of his home. Even when he emigrates voluntarily he still lives in imagination in the scenes of his youth. They are a race of passionate attachments and tough memories. They resent this English talk most bitterly, as a proposal to turn their country into a grazing ground for the convenience of English beef-eaters. They have been fighting for years for a hold on the land. And they will regard this provision with regard to emigration as a governmental approval of all the insolent talk in *The Times* and elsewhere, which has made their blood boil. If Mr. GLADSTONE had understood the people, he would have left this matter of emigration to a more convenient season, or have postponed it indefinitely. That he does not, that no Englishman has ever shown the capacity to see Irish matters as Irishmen see them, is the final condemnation of English rule in Ireland. It is the test which proves that the two nations can never be at peace under one government.

For fifty years there has been a cry that Ireland was over-populated, and that the people must be swept out of the island in great numbers before the remainder could see prosperity. This cry has been sustained by mis-statements of Irish statistics, given to the world under the sanction of such names as QUETELET and STUART MILL. A few men here and there have protested; notably, Mr. BRIGHT declared from his own observation that the country is under-populated, and that there are in it too few people to conduct a really efficient agriculture. There are places on the west coast which are over-crowded. And the whole island has a larger population than can be sustained in comfort by agriculture alone. But there is no natural or imperative reason why manufactures should not be established in Ireland by such methods as have resulted in their naturalization in other parts of the world. She has the raw material of the woolen manufacture in finer quality than can be furnished by any other country. She has water power; she has millions of human beings living in complete or partial idleness, for want of something to do. And in this situation of affairs the wisest of English statesmen can find nothing better to do with

them than to deport them to the savage wilds of Manitoba, for the benefit of Canada. Such a measure is no better than a confession of bankruptcy in statecraft.

We shall point out next week some of the objections to the Land Bill as a measure to restore peace and prosperity to Ireland.

MR. WINDOM'S PLANS.

THE Secretary of the Treasury is the most important officer in the Cabinet. Whatever may have been true of the Secretaryship of State in earlier times, when the country was poor, and its foreign relations complicated by its poverty and insignificance, it cannot be said to-day that the Secretary of State is the Premier. As in England, the chief office has fallen to the financiers, and our Chancellor of the Exchequer ranks next to the President. The personal preferences and mental habits of the Secretary of the Treasury are therefore of the first importance to the country. He has to construe for practical application a great body of laws which have been drafted or modified by men who did not understand the problem each law was meant to solve. He has to administer the largest business interest in America, in a way to avoid needless interference with private and corporate enterprise. If he be a legal pedant, who will take no responsibility beyond what the letter of the law seems to warrant him in, he may defeat the very purpose of the legislation meant for his government. If he be a legal trickster, he may manage to defeat that purpose by ingenious interpretations. If he have high and mighty ideas of governmental functions, he may ruin half the country by his indifference to the general effect of his measures upon other interests than those of the Government. If he go to the other extreme, he may be inflicting nearly equal injury by his anxiety for some particular class of interests, which he mistakes for those of the public at large.

A Secretary of the Treasury needs to be a man of the golden mean. He has no great help to being such from traditions set by some of his predecessors. As we run down the list of gentlemen who have filled this office since the war, we do not discover one who corresponds exactly to the ideal we have described. One weakness, common to nearly all of them, has been the disposition to manage not merely the treasury, but the whole country, and all the money markets. Mr. SHERMAN's relation to Wall street was of the most intimate kind. On one memorable occasion he gave a syndicate an extension of time from April till October to comply with their promises to the Government, because urgency would have tightened the money market, and he forgot to say anything about the interest to be paid on this virtual loan of millions of the public money. We do not see that it is the Treasury's business to keep the money market easy, while we regard it as its duty to manage the public business so as to cause as little disturbance as possible.

Mr. WINDOM, as we infer from some expressions of his, takes a view of his duties and functions not unlike that entertained by his predecessor. He believes that it is a part of his duty to keep the money-market easy, though why he does not extend this to the market for iron or pork or wheat, we are not told. Such expressions, it is true, have less significance under this Administration than the last. Mr. GARFIELD has a much clearer appreciation of financial matters than Mr. HAYES had, although the latter was much above the average of our Presidents in this regard. The relative weight of President and Secretary shifted a good deal with the change of administrations. It is not likely that Mr. WINDOM's personal idiosyncrasies will exert such a decisive influence as did those of Mr. SHERMAN.

Just at present, Mr. WINDOM, while quite new to the duties of his office, has before him a problem nearly as difficult as any that Mr. SHERMAN was required to solve. Through the failure of Congress to pass a proper Funding Bill, he has to provide for a large

quantity of bonds which are to fall due during the year, and to take measures to save the country the burden of paying the high interest they bear, until Congress meets again. The device upon which Mr. WINDOM has hit is exceedingly ingenious, and if he were the constitutional arbiter of the matter might be pronounced very sensible and business like. He tells the holders of the outstanding bonds to present them for redemption at the date fixed, and he will pay them; but if they prefer to take instead of the money the same bonds bearing three and one-half per cent., and to run during the pleasure of the government, he will accommodate them. Now our objection to this proposal is that no such issue of bonds has ever been authorized by the only body which can legalize their issue. Both branches of the last Congress distinctly refused to allow the Treasurer to issue bonds at that rate, and with that refusal before him, Mr. WINDOM takes a very serious responsibility in this step. We object to no feature of the proposed arrangement, except its relation to the constitutional power of Congress.

A search through the statutes has brought to light only two enactments under which the proceeding can shelter itself; the first is a statute of 1862, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to make temporary loans at a low rate of interest, and to secure the lenders by issuing certificates of deposit. But the fact that no such certificates are offered, and that the statute in question was passed in time of war, to meet the necessities of the war, are enough to show that Mr. WINDOM is not acting under this statute. The second enactment is a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate by a year the payment of interest on the debt, and to exact, in consideration of this, a proportional abatement of the interest. But Mr. WINDOM's circular makes no offer of prepayment. He offers to continue bonds in consideration of a reduction, and not to anticipate interest. We must therefore regard the proposed procedure as an unwarranted assumption of authority on the part of an executive officer, and we believe that the country can better afford to pay five or six per cent interest for another year, than it can afford the precedent thus set by Mr. WINDOM.

The Secretary believes that a very large proportion of the \$195,000,000, sixes which will fall due on July 1st, can be disposed of in this way. But only \$47,000,000 of these bonds are held by the national banks, so that more than three-fourths of this amount is in the hands of private persons, who will hardly care for so temporary an investment. And should a larger part of this be presented for redemption than can be covered by the available surplus of the public revenue, Mr. WINDOM will have to seek for funds in some other quarter, as he has pledged his word for their redemption. Mr. SHERMAN's four per cents. were issued to the last dollar authorized by law, the very last appearing as certificates issued through the Post-offices. His four-and-a-halves were not issued entirely, as their rapid sale had brought him to the conclusion that we ought to be able to borrow on more reasonable terms. These are the only bonds at Mr. WINDOM's disposal, and we take it for granted that he will not assume the authority to change their rate or their terms. In this case the objection to such an issue is not the same as to his other proposal. It is that their issue, while perfectly legal, would be neither just nor sensible. It has been agreed on all hands that the country has turned its back upon four-and-a-half per cent. bonds, as unworthy of its credit. And it would be a poor opening for a new Treasurer to saddle the country with bonds at that rate running until 1891, when it is agreed on all hands that we can borrow at three-and-a-half per cent. The loss on allowing the outstanding fives and sixes to go on till December, would be much less than the ten per cent. of needless interest thus to be paid between 1881 and 1891.

The true solution of the entanglement would be found in an extra session of Congress in June, to provide for refunding. The heat of the weather would be insurance against needless delay, or fruitless speech-making.

PUBLIC OPINION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LAND BILL.

WITH rare exceptions, the American newspapers accept Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill as the worthy product of a conscientious and progressive statesman. "If Mr. Gladstone shall succeed in carrying through his bill," says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "he will be the greatest benefactor of the Irish people, as he is the ablest and best statesman the British Empire ever had." The St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer-Press*, referring to the bill as a measure that "seems to aim simply at substantial justice,—the only policy under which governors and governed alike can prosper,"—decides that "Mr. Gladstone has demonstrated anew his honesty of purpose, and evinced statesmanship worthy of the position he honors." The Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel* thinks that "when the rubbish which ever gathers around the present, shall clear away, with respect to the Irish troubles, Mr. Gladstone's course will appear to have been one resulting from the clear insight which unites the practicable with the just." In the opinion of the Cleveland (Ohio.) *Leader*, "the measure certainly is as liberal as it is just; the underlying principles of the bill being 'Fair Rents, Free Sale and Fixity of Tenure,'—the three principles contended for by the Land League." The Troy (N. Y.) *Times* cannot see "how right-thinking members of the Land League could expect more liberal concessions." And the Boston *Advertiser* does not comprehend "how a thoughtful and just Irishman can avoid commingling his admiration for Mr. Gladstone with the sentiment of spontaneous gratitude." The New York *Mail* expresses admiration for the measure, adding: "If England will now stand by Mr. Gladstone and uphold him in the attempt to make the principle of justice the regulator of the relations of the Government with Ireland, the usefulness and fame of the great statesman will be greater than ever before, and the glory of his country will increase in proportion to his triumph." "In the United States, where the land laws are made to inure to the benefit of the tenant, and serve to protect him from the rapacity of the landlord," says the Leavenworth (Kan.) *Times*, "Mr. Gladstone's bill may not seem to reach the highest plane of the rights of the poor; but it is most certainly a great contrast to the present land laws under which the Irish peasantry struggle."

There is considerable diversity of opinion in regard to the degree of hostility that will be shown the measure by the leaders of the Land League. The Indianapolis *Journal* thinks that "it is not easy to see on what ground the opposition can attack the bill, which is not a compromise, nor a tub to a whale, but a genuinely progressive reform measure." While the *Journal* is sure that the bill is not a compromise, the Kansas City *Times* asserts that "it is a compromise of the most practicable character," and the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "It is necessarily a compromise measure and will not satisfy the extremists of either side." "The main point," continues the *Inter-Ocean*, which thinks that the bill will be defeated, "is whether it will command the support of the Liberal party." The Albany *Journal* is inclined to believe that the measure will be adopted, as "there is much promise for Ireland in the reception which the land bill meets at the hands of the English press and people; no one has called the bill revolutionary, and the violent debates have put the public in a mood to look squarely at the Irish question and to see what are the best measures for relief." "The chief objection urged against the measure," adds the *Journal*, is that it is 'financially unsound' which means, as we understand it, that the Government intends to deal liberally with her starving subjects."

Among the few papers that object to the bill are the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Courier* and the Boston *Globe*. "The makers of the Gladstone bill," says the latter, "exerted nearly all their ingenuity upon the endeavor to keep the present vicious system of land tenure in Ireland in running order, and not to find a substitute for it. We do not think the old machinery worth tinkering. The new bill deals with the branches and not with the sources of existing evil." The *Globe* objects to the bill because "the tenants under the proposed law will still be held in the grasp of the class which rules. Look at the provision establishing courts for arbitration in disputes between landlord and tenant. These courts are the same that were established by the act of 1870, which was a miserable failure. They are the old county courts, whose mem-

bership is made up of the very class against whose encroachments upon his rights the tenant farmer needs protection." Another objection urged by the same paper is that the bill does not provide for "the protection of the tenants under the periodical stress of poverty, which comes with the recurring years of famine," and the *Globe* concludes: "It is very evident that neither this bill, nor any other confined in its scope, can reach and remedy the real cause of Ireland's weakness and sorrow. This can only be done when the soil is owned by the men who live upon it."

THE RECENT MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The municipal elections in the West last week were accompanied by such surprising results that they have furnished a popular topic for press discussion. It puzzles the St. Louis *Republican*, the leading Democratic paper in Missouri, to understand why nine of the Democratic cities of that State, including St. Louis, "should have gone over to the enemy," but the *Republican* consoles itself with the reflection that the Republican cities of Chicago and Cincinnati were carried by the Democrats. By way of apology to its party in other States, the *Republican* attempts to explain the local defeat, and, on the other side, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* assures the National Republican party that the untoward result in the latter city "was due to indifference which will not occur again." The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* claims that "a peaceful revolution is in progress, which before the next State election will have attained such dimensions as to transfer Missouri to the Republican column, and send a Republican to the United States Senate in place of Senator Vest." In like spirit of exultation, the St. Joseph, (Mo.) *Herald* exclaims that "Missouri and not Indiana will be the political battle field in 1884." "In every city and town in the State," continues the *Herald*, "men have broken away from the ring-masters of Bourbonism and voted their manhood and intelligence, instead of 'the ticket' that has been fixed and doctored for them to swallow. It is a healthy sign, the dawn of a new era in Missouri politics, out of which only good can grow." Meanwhile the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives warning that the Democratic victory in that city means Democratic success in Hamilton County at the next State election, and a Democratic Legislature.

Such is the tone assumed by journals that were locally interested in the elections, but the general comment is in a different key. The Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* thinks that the elections in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City are highly gratifying, "because they show that the people can be above the 'machines' when they try," and adds: "The 'machines' of both parties are in close alliance—each playing into the hands of the other, where it can find a chance." The Vicksburg (Miss.) *Commercial* characterizes the result as a "complete and inglorious defeat of bosses and ringsters, which is to be traced directly to the independent victory in Philadelphia." The Columbia (S. C.) *Register* says: "The municipal elections in the West show that whenever things get in such grooves that a few dominant politicians attempt to control the party against that harmonious accord of a united popular feeling, there is bound to be trouble, and the 'bosses' must go under. The day of the 'bosses' of any political party is rapidly passing away. Men are getting tired of those who may say to this man, 'Go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh.'" The New Orleans *Democrat*, the Wisconsin *State Journal*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and other papers call attention to the independence shown. "These surprises in local elections," says the *Enquirer*, "reveal a growing independence in suffrage in local affairs, which is a long step toward independence in National affairs. The American voter shows that he will not be deceived by party clap-trap, when his judgment tells him that the party restraint is injurious to the welfare of his community." "This disposition to kick out of the harness of party," concludes the Natchez (Miss.) *Democrat*, in a review of the spring elections, "is evidently growing in Northern communities, both in the Democratic and Republican parties. As the basis of party division becomes more nearly obliterated, there will be found a growing disposition to act independently, and party harness can hardly be found strong enough to hold the masses at local elections. The disposition, no doubt, will extend ultimately to National politics, when the questions affecting sectional interests shall be eliminated."

THE PASCHAL MOON.

Thy face is whitened with remembered woe;
 For thou alone, pale satellite, didst see,
 Amid the shadows of Gethsemane,
 The mingled cup of sacrifice o'erflow;
 Nor hadst the power of utterance to show
 The wasting wound of silent sympathy,
 Till sudden tides, obedient to thee,
 Sobbed, desolate in weltering anguish, low.
 The holy night returneth year by year,
 And while the mystic vapors from thy rim
 Distil the dews, as from the Victim there
 The red drops trickled in the twilight dim,
 The ocean's changeless threnody we hear,
 And gaze upon thee as thou didst on Him.

JOHN B. TABB.

MODERN FICTION. II.

FRENCH FICTION.

AT one of the recent *salons* of Paris there was exhibited a picture which was constantly blockaded by a crowd of eager spectators, while the human stream flowed steadily by many works of a higher and quieter order of merit. The picture which so recommended itself to the Parisian eye and taste, represented Louis IX. walking over one of his African battle-fields, after two days' exposure to an almost tropical sun. Stretched on the ground lie corpses in every phase and stage of decomposition which the human body can present, for the realistic portrayal of which the artist must have made an exhaustive study of putrefaction. We need only glance at the piles of "*L'Assommoir*," and "*Nana*," in the traditional yellow cover of the original, or the gray-backed English version, which abound wherever cheap literature is offered to the million, to perceive that the element in human nature which responds to such appeals is accessible to literature as well as to art, and is common to a large proportion of mankind.

If we survey the field of contemporary French fiction, undoubtedly the most prominent and characteristic figure is that of Emile Zola, and his specialty, in this age of specialties, is human depravity. Not only is his immediate notoriety undisputed, but of all the masters of modern fiction he is the most likely to brand his mark on the literature of a succeeding generation. His manner, method and direction are all distinctive and strongly marked, and are unfortunately more easily imitable than the force and vigor which he undoubtedly possesses in vivifying and manipulating his studies of nature. Brutal coarseness of expression, nakedness of treatment, and a dogged, unflinching materialism that leaves nothing to the imagination, and spares no detail, however revolting, can be almost infinitely reproduced without the clearness of conception, the force of delineation, the occasional outbursts of eloquence, the vivid and dramatic presentation of scenes and incidents which are Zola's apology. Much energetic criticism has been expended upon the famous "*Rougon-Macquart Series*," in all shades and degrees of appreciation and depreciation, from the impulsive, indiscriminating enthusiasm of De Amicis and such writers, which, it must be confessed, has been but slenderly reinforced by English-speaking critics, to the most bitter and violent denunciations which deny to these novels even all literary *raison d'être*. The advocates of Zola declare him to be a rigid, uncompromising moralist, who points out the stagnant pools and foul morasses that lie like centres of pestilence in the midst of civilization, and poison the atmosphere around them. His adversaries not only deny him these merits, but represent him as a man whose utterly depraved instincts induce him to dive into filthy sloughs and infected places, thence to bring up and exhibit the loathsome things that live and breed in their depths,—a "Knight of the Muck-Rake," as a hostile critic termed him.

The truth, as is usual in such cases, lies somewhere between the two extremes. Zola, who is personally a man of blameless domestic life, is not a monster of corruption who revels in vice and depravity; nor is he quite the stern reformer and apostle that his apologists would represent him to be. His novels, like most other articles of manufacture, are made for the market, and made with the material that he has at hand, and with the tools he knows best how to use. And we cannot reckon too unsparingly with him, for, judging from the numerous editions and the almost unprecedented sale of his books, he would seem not to have entirely misconceived the taste of his public, and to have worked in accordance with the time-honored law of demand and supply. His own attitude is remarkably neutral. He certainly does not make vice appear lovely, nor does he scourge it with stripes. The didactic strain is noticeably absent in his writings. Perhaps the nearest approach to it is in the apologue of the *mouche dorée* in "*Nana*," where he describes "a girl descended from four or five generations of drunkards, with her blood poisoned by the long inheritance of crime and

drink, which perverted her nature and unhinged her sex. She shot up in a quiet quarter, among the streets of Paris, a creature of flesh, tall and beautiful, like a plant that grows rank on a dung-hill, and avenged the outcasts and wretched, whose child she was. In her person the putrefaction which fermented unchecked among the people, rose and corrupted the aristocracy. She became a force of nature, an involuntary leaven of destruction. This fly, golden as sunshine, hatched in filth, drank in death from the carrion left to rot by the wayside; then, humming and dancing, and flashing like jewels, flew in through the windows of palaces and settled upon men, poisoning where she lit." But this distinctly moralizing tone is rare, and the reader is commonly left to draw his own conclusions, to take or leave the moral of the fable as his disposition prompts. There is very little analysis of motive or character; we seldom see behind the scenes, but the presentations of persons, situations and dialogues are photographic in their reality and vividness. He brings to his work an unusual supply of stolid, phlegmatic perseverance, and an impersonal, business-like application. The phase of humanity that he has chosen to reproduce is not an attractive one, and he stirs and turns the loathsome thing with unemotional indifference. "*Il faut qu'il ait le nez bien solide, ce garçon-là*," said one of his critics, and indeed his sensibilities are not delicate.

It is hardly fair to demand that an author shall be much above the level of the generation of which he is the product, and many of the objectionable features of French fiction which its critics reprobate, its sensationalism both of subject and treatment, its license of time and expression, are but a response to the taste of the classes for whom it is written. Zola himself disliked "*L'Assommoir*," and was weary and disgusted with it, and could hardly persuade himself to finish it, yet it had a "*succès fou*" and established his vogue beyond dispute. "*Les Curés*," with its abominable orgies of sensuality and its hideous perversions of instinct and inversions of propensities, was a challenge flung in the face of Paris, which has often refused to hear the voice of the charmer when he charmed wisely, and the challenge was not made in vain. Zola himself speaks of his public with some bitterness. "Here" (in Paris) he says, "nothing succeeds that does not make a public sensation. It must be abused and discussed and borne up by the ebullition of hostile criticism. A Parisian scarcely ever buys a book of his own accord, from a genuine impulse of curiosity. He only buys it when it has been dinned into his ears, and become like an event in history, of which every one ought to be able to speak in conversation. If it is only talked of, and talked of by everybody, its fortune is made. Criticism is life-giving; it is only silence that kills. Paris is an ocean,—an ocean in which calm is death, but the storm is life. How else can you stir the apathy of the great city which is absorbed in its business and its pleasures, in hoarding up money and squandering it? It only hears the war and thunder of the cannonade—and woe to the weak and the timid!" A public that required such a violent stimulus to rouse it into attention would not have encouraged the art of easy, quiet, pleasant story-telling, an art of which Trollope is master, and it would have left scarcely a chance of existence for the host of agreeable, unpretending mimic writers of fiction that an English public enjoys with a wholesome appetite. Even robust English patriotism has ceased to claim that London is a more moral city than Paris; but an Englishman draws a cloak decently and closely over his leprosy, while a Frenchman, like an Italian beggar, has no delicacy in exhibiting his sores.

The realism of Balzac was a means; the realism of Zola has become exaggerated into an end. A larger share of the mantle of Balzac seems to have fallen upon the shoulders of Zola than any other French writer; but the points of difference are striking. Balzac's plots are often very intricate, and sometimes require a good deal of wire-pulling to get all the personages off the stage that should be off, and all on that should be present when the curtain drops. While he sometimes works with all the laborious minuteness that distinguishes Zola, he is often carried off his feet by splendid outbursts of magnetism, a love of color and splendor, which suddenly subsides and leaves him toiling on through a dreary, level waste of spiritless detail, to which his sense of humor and his perception of the relative importance of things seem subordinated. His method of working was irregular and spasmodic, very different from the cart-horse, uniform industry of Zola.

But what French literature possesses pre-eminently is style; and this a clever French writer has to the tips of his fingers. A Frenchman naturally approaches his object fastidiously, delicately, indirectly, and touches with the most exquisite lightness where an Englishman would press heavily. This quality, perhaps of all Frenchmen, Gustave Droz possesses most completely. Human nature is of necessity his subject-matter; but the most superficial aspect of it contents him, and in this theme he plays the most charming variations with a grace, a freshness, a lightness of touch, that are all his own. The merest trivialities, the most common-place, trifling nothings, the most insignificant traits of character, are handled by him with an exquisite tact that seems to give substance to the flimsiest material. And the pleasure derived from it is a tickling of the intellectual palate which becomes almost a sensation from its distinctness. Comparisons have been made between Alphonse Daudet and Dickens, but the points of contrast are so numerous that such a comparison is worthless. They do, indeed, both possess pathos,

which is a rare trait in French genius. French books charm, amuse, thrill, disgust, but they rarely touch. In some of the scenes in "*Jack, Le Nabab*," "*Froment Jeune*," and "*Les Rois en Exil*," the pathos is genuine, exquisite, and refined, but quite different in quality from the rhetorical pathos of the author of "*Barnaby Rudge*" and "*Nicholas Nickleby*." The humor of Dickens partook essentially of the purely English mental trait called fun, and relied mainly upon exaggerated types and extravagant and unexpected forms of speech and thought, which is far removed from the quieter, more concentrated expression, which the sense of the ludicrous assumes in French literature.

The realism that is so prominent a feature in modern French fiction is no accident, but is the legitimate outgrowth of the age, and is in harmony with its tendencies. The world has outgrown its childhood, and has put away childish things, its credulity, its superstitions, its careless seasons of play and its periods of gradual development. We no longer see men and things through a glass darkly, but face to face. It is an age of self-consciousness, an age of analysis,—not an atmosphere to cherish the growth of that least practical, but most poetical gift, imagination, and its roving, undisciplined child, fancy. The ordinary man of to-day, whose imagination is apt to be an atrophied faculty, or apathetic for want of exercise, is content to have this deficiency supplied by some more richly endowed mind. He is curious of processes, is glad to be saved all mental exertion, and is tolerant of detail. This is a demand to which the French mind responds with peculiar readiness, as it accords with its natural precision, its clearness, its love of organization, sub-division and distinctness. We are now subjecting to the closest, most uncompromising scrutiny, the material world about us. Nothing is too small, too base, to engage our attention, to lend itself to our inferences. Why should not the social phenomena among which we live be submitted to the same close inspection? The deductive method, with induction as its lever, is the method of science; why should not the same method be applied to literature with equal success? It must yield us some truths, and from these we may draw our inferences.

When we consider the practically unlimited range of a book that appeals at all to the popular taste at the present day, it is appalling to think of the evil that may be sowed broadcast over whole continents by the really bad book, a crop that rivals the mustard seed of the parable in its rapid and surprising growth. But we must remember that the dangerous books of one generation are often the literary curiosities of another; as harmless as the old flint-locks that hang on the wall as specimens of the antiquated weapons of a past age, which we do not fear to put into the hands of children. The passages of Byron that inflamed the youthful mind of sixty or seventy years ago are the pages that this generation is inclined to skip; and we read Rousseau to understand and make due allowance for the fanaticism of the eighteenth century. We smile over the "*Sorrows of Werther*," and it seems incredible that forty years ago "*Paul Clifford*" and "*Eugene Aram*" were burned, not by the hangman, but by worthy heads of families, solicitous for the morals of their children. But the best works of great minds will live forever, beautiful in their immortality. No lapse of time, no progress in physic or metaphysic, can make *Antigone* seem less noble, *Portia* less charming, or *Gretchen* less pathetic. True goodness and beauty never grow old-fashioned, while antiquated evil is a powerless, unmeaning thing that dies a natural death, or is preserved as a fossil, of interest only to the specialist, a link in the chain of evidence.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN ART REVIEW, VOL. II.

AMONG all the eight or nine thousand periodicals issued from American presses to-day, there are only three devoted to the fine arts of painting, sculpture and engraving; and two of these are chiefly devoted to the industrial and "household" arts. Nor was the showing better in the past. Some thirty or forty years ago, the defunct American Art Union issued a kind of illustrated bulletin, which was the best art periodical of which we could boast. About fifteen years later, there were two periodicals in existence; one called the *Crayon*, which was a mild literary magazine, rather than an art journal, and another, the *New Path*, a furious little sheet in which Mr. Clarence Cook, Mr. Charles H. Moore, Thomas Farrer and a few others, helped out by Mr. W. M. Rossetti as a correspondent, hurled forth the thunderbolts of the American pre-Raphaelite brotherhood against all who did not accept their dogmas. Neither of these periodicals were illustrated, and a few years after their death the *Aldine* created a flutter of admiration among a large, but not severely critical, class by its pretty wood-cuts. Of serious periodicals devoted to art, there have been none like Mr. Hamerton's *Portfolio*, the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, *L'Art*, *L'Artiste*, *Gazette de Beaux Arts*, or *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*. To-day there is such a periodical, the *American Art Review*, which has existed for more than a year, and may, therefore, be expected to have come with the intention of staying, and of which five numbers lie before us for notice. In size and appearance, the *American Art Review* is a large and nearly square quarto, of forty-five handsomely printed and well illustrated pages. In purpose, it apparently intends to occupy a position half way between the *Portfolio* and the heavier German art periodicals. This is apparently more the result of the inclination of its editor,—

Mr. S. R. Kœhler,—than of a loud call for such a periodical. In fact, it might well be doubted if such an art magazine could succeed here, both on account of the paucity of material existing in the country and on account of the lack of general interest in the topics treated of. The paucity of American material is well illustrated by the fact that ten out of the twenty-six articles in the five numbers are upon foreign art subjects, and that five of the remainder are upon exhibitions. But it may be said that art is of no one country, and that the marbles of Pergamon are as fit a subject for treatment in an American periodical as in a French or German one. Still, in spite of the fact that the work is well done, one misses that distinctly American tone that an American art review should have. The fault lies, in a measure, in the slowness of existing material; but there still exists material in our past and present art life which is of more general value and interest than there is in much of the work presented in the *American Art Review*. It needs a greater infusion of the American spirit, both to catch the living immediate art question or topic of the time, and to make it thoroughly representative. The English *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, although it must be admitted that it died from lack of support, was, perhaps, the best illustration of an art periodical which best represented the artistic knowledge, scholarship and wealth of the country.

When this has been said, it is all of the adverse criticism that there is to be made. By one thing alone the *American Art Review* has gained its right to live and to deserve praise. It has shown that Americans can etch, and it has done already as much to develop American etchers as Mr. Hamerton did in several years with the aid of the *Portfolio*; and if, as now seems likely, the *American Art Review* shall have really founded an American school of etchers, it will have deserved to have its short-comings passed by and to receive a generous support. In the numbers before us are nine etchings by American artists. None of them are masterpieces, but all are admirable in certain respects; so that the day may not be far distant when our citizens in the far Western or nearer rural districts may adorn their walls with creditable original works by representative American artists, instead of, as now, plastering them with wood-cuts, photographs and cheap engravings. Of the nine etchings, one of the "*Court Jester*," by Mr. Wm. Chase, is the best in a technical and artistic sense. It is well bitten, with a proper preservation of tone and a fair use of the line, which, however, is not used for its own sake. It is a genuine painter's etching, and almost worthy to stand alongside of an Ostade, to whose work it has much resemblance, both in spirit and execution. Two of the very good etchings are a landscape by Stephen Parrish, which has much likeness to Appian's work, though it is a little niggling in execution. And, beside this, a portrait etching, by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, an "*Ophelia*," which is rich in color and well drawn and modelled, though lacking in the spirit of the subject. Apart from these, there are given etchings by Mr. Charles H. Miller, Mr. Gaugengigl, Otto Bacher, F. S. Church, Mrs. M. N. Moran, and Henry Farrer. These are not so interesting, since they all have more or less amateurish weakness of construction or execution, and especially the latter. In all, there are given in the *Art Review* ten American etchings, three very mediocre foreign productions, and one by Rajon. Besides this, there are twenty-nine full-page illustrations, some of great merit. As for the text, it is of a high order of merit for an American publication of the class, though the tendency is to eulogy in criticism and dullness of style. Among the articles are biographical sketches of Cincinnati artists; brief notes on the etchers of whom examples are given; a sketch of Wiertz, the eccentric Belgian, by Mrs. Erskine Clement, who places far too high an estimate on his bizarre productions; a very interesting and valuable account of the Pueblo pottery, by Professor F. W. Putnam; a dull account of the Pergamon marbles, by Mr. C. C. Perkins; an interesting narrative of the life of Wimer, a Western artist, who lived among the Indians; an excellent biographical and critical article upon Mr. W. M. Chase, by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, and full critical accounts of several exhibitions. In addition to the individual articles, the several departments of art bibliography and foreign and domestic chronicle of events are remarkably and admirably full and well done. Estes & Lauriat, Boston. 1880-1.

THE VISION OF NIMROD.—The promise of the blossoms in Mr. Charles de Kay's "*Hesperus*" has matured into still more promising fruit in the "*Vision of Nimrod*," and if he continues to realize the expectations roused by his work,—and he is still one of the youngest of our poets,—he will give in part a poetical answer to the question often asked—What men will succeed the "*Cambridge group*," now at the head of American poetical literature? The chief essential qualities of Mr. de Kay's work are its manly strength and original thought. Literary frills are not his chief claim to notice, as the case is with many of our young writers. Mr. de Kay uses frills, but only as proper ornamentation to the dress of his verses, which are instinct with life and flesh and blood, and are not merely mechanical automata exhibited for the sake of their glittering jewelry. He, more than most, is in sympathy with the spirit of the age, and of the age in America, instinct with the life that makes forward, rich and luxurious, with a touch of idealism, bold in youthful strength, rough in certain features, and not merely polished, and reflective of the glories of the past or of the present, fresh and not stiffly conventional, and above all with a common sense that restrains the extravagance which elsewhere is the outcome of a too formal life. The form in which Mr. de Kay's work is cast is by no means perfect. His sense of melody is lacking in smooth expression and his lines ring harsh and jangling at times. The same fault is to be found with his contrasting moods of poetical idealism and prosaic, matter-of-fact, though not commonplace, thought. In spite of this, his work is artistic. His colors are rich, varied and glowing, but not supersensuous; his composition is harmonious and evenly balanced; his lights and shadows well contrasted; and his pictures as a whole are full of inspiration and a healthy moral tone. The scene of the "*Vision of Nimrod*," which makes a handsome book of 260 pages, of an eight-line pentametrical stanza, plus two half lines,—not an elegant metre—is laid "upon the deep grand river, "*Where Babylon once stood in all her pride*." The leading characters are Mirza Sayid Ali Mohammed, and Gourred-oul-Ayn, Rest of the Eyes. This Mirza

Ali Mohammed was the founder of the sect of Babists in Persia; so called from his assumed title of Bab-ed-Dein, "Gate of the Faith." Babism is a form of Sufism; one of its aims, as expressed by Mr. de Kay, was that

"Woman shall stand in sunlight, modest, honored;
Shall freely choose one mate to be her own."

In other words, the aim of the "Vision of Nimrod" is to protest against the treatment and condition of woman under Mohammedan rule. To Mirza Ali Mohammed and Gourred-oul-Ayn, as they talk and discuss their condition, Nimrod appears and tells how

"Of Babylon I made the stateliest city
The earth has yet upon its surface known.
Nation I fenced from nation without pity
That all might wend toward Babylon alone.
Tribe might not trade with tribe, nor north with south,
But all must barter at my market centre;
Nor eastman speak with westman mouth to mouth
Unless they first within my limits enter.
Thus grew each tongue and art
Slowly apart."

He tells of the events of his reign, and how at last

"my runners trusty
Whispered, that far in Ararat a tribe
Of low-born shepherds mocked my journey dusty
By falcons loosed with gross and shameful gibe."

Nimrod then searches for these people, and meets their leader, Ahram, who tells him:

"I am a Hero, not the same that you
Have reached by conquests of surrounding nations,
But one who's lord in realms withdrawn from view
And makes clean victories by his godlike patience.
Angels by him are seen
Glorious of mien."

To Nimrod Ahram tells how

"My knowledge all other men surpasses, save two seers,
Who sit unmoved within the Eastern passes of Caucasus."

Ahram then proceeds to tell his story, and "the tale of life's progression and antique creation," after which Nimrod makes him "counsellor, treasurer."

Under Ahram's guidance, Nimrod builds the Castle of Babylon. In it he places Esther the Vestal.

"Her had my seer selected from his fold;
She was the gem that hid within his dwelling;
A maid of spirit never galled by yoke,
By name of Esther splendid fates foretelling."

Nimrod now digresses with an account of the "upper fanes" and the "lower temples." The greater part of the remainder of the book is taken up with private stories of "Bitser, the Eunuch," one of the guardians of the temple, and his quarrel with Ahram; then follows the tale of Esther's influence over Ahram, and of "Nimrod's Deed." With this the subsidiary story ends, Nimrod disappears and the two lovers wake up to find themselves caught by Hand of Sultan, a Jew who loves Gourred-oul-Ayn, and claims her as his slave, and who is an enemy of Ali. Hand of Sultan hales them before a Kadi and argues against them, but a Dervish rises and pleads for them, as Ali also does, and the Kadi dismisses the case, and the two lovers go free. The ending is told in a very dramatic way. It only remains to quote Mr. de Kay's epilogue, with assent to his interrogation as to a continuation of the story of Ali and Gourred. He says:

Now should ye long to know the second trance
Of wailing ghosts, and all the sad romance
Of Ali and his Gourred,—who more glad
Than Charles de Kay? But should ye find it bad,
Right well he can console himself, be sure;
Blithely your censure or neglect endure;
And ne'er regret the days of thankless toil,
And fruitless spending of the midnight oil,
Risked on the chance his country's folk to please.
For poets sing like wind among the trees,
Now high, then low; now sweetly, then most ill;
And as, to writing, there is need of quill,
And paper, too; as wind is naught *sans* leaves;
Even so the singer, who no praise receives,
Is pen *sans* paper; breeze *sans* tree; a hand
Without the harp; a king that lacks of land;
A nerveless lion; a trustee disgraced;
An actor mouthing grandly toward the waste.

(D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1881. 261 pp.)

By THE TIBER.—In this volume, the author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece" has given us another novel of Italian life. It is in many respects a powerful work. The sketching is bold and strong, and the many character and landscape studies are painted in rich and glowing colors. After reading the first page or two, the reader is aroused from his listless and uncertain mood by the firm and rapid work of the author, feels that he is experiencing a fresh sensation, is seized and held by the interest of the narrative, and does not pause before he has read some five or six chapters. By that time he is aware of the merits and demerits of the author's style. It is a style marked by rather unusual individuality and strength. It is the vivid painting which interests us. The Italian landscape glows around us, the senses revel in its opulent bloom and perfume. The hero, Vittorio, has the rich blood, quick metal, of the true Italian. His portrait is

finely drawn; "golden bronze and sunset crimson do not describe (the) rich shadow and bloom (of his beautiful face). The long tapering lines of the limbs, the features which art could only copy, not improve; the liquid dark eyes, the unsmiling lips, the shining black hair in a mass of loose waves, the small brown hands,—there was not a flaw in them. His dress, though in some sort a workman's, was graceful. An antique intaglio in red cornelian buttoned the blue collar of his belted blouse, and a broad-brimmed hat of very dark blue crushed the hair half over his forehead and curled up at the sides, showing his profile. In the wide black band of the hat was set a small grey feather with a scarlet tip." Here you have the typical Italian, the hero of the story. He is the son of a nobleman, and his mother is a peasant. He is educated as a landscape gardener, and as he grows up is distracted by the double nature of his destiny and the contrary tendencies of his nature. He becomes the gardener of a Roman nobleman. He meets his future master by appointment at a neighboring locality, and at once falls hopelessly in love with his daughter, a beautiful, but haughty and cruel girl. She is struck by his marvellous beauty, and tosses him a red rose. "That rose burned on his heart with a fire never to be extinguished." Donna Adelaide marries another, but intrigues with Vittorio; then causes his death at the hand of her emissaries, while a young lady artist from America becomes innocently entangled in the crime of the heroine, by unintentionally witnessing the assassination of the hero. It will be seen that there is a strong resemblance here to the plot of "the Marble Faun." Indeed, the influence of that work upon the author is quite apparent. We miss entirely, however, the Greek simplicity of style of Hawthorne. The author of "By the Tiber" is often obscure and slovenly, and everywhere the style is too exuberant and unpruned. For example, on page 43, the author wishes to say that Valeria was thinking, and, to express this, writes eight lines of dreary metaphor about "the chase of an idea," "a wild Diana hunt," "the silvery glad baying of the hounds of the seven senses," and the "whizzing of arrowy thoughts." It is because we believe that the author is capable of getting rid of these blemishes upon a really good style, that we speak of them.—Roberts Brothers. Boston. 1881. 390 pp.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A series of sketches of "Journalistic London," by Mr. Joseph Hatton, London correspondent of the New York Times, will be one of the most interesting new features of *Harper's Magazine*.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. are to issue, as soon as a satisfactory number of subscribers can be obtained, a descriptive and pictorial atlas of the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities.

It is understood that Commander Gorrington will, at no distant date, publish a volume on obelisks and obelisk engineering.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation a volume by Dr. Emile Holub, a volume that should prove interesting—"Seven Years in South Africa."

Among the recent announcements by New York publishers, are Edmondo de Amicis' "Spain and the Spaniards," by G. P. Putnam's Sons; Baring-Gould's "Germany, Past and Present," by Henry Holt & Co., and Mrs. Burton N. Harrison's "Women's Handiwork in Modern Homes," by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Appleton's will begin with an edition of 25,000 copies of Mr. Jefferson Davis's book, all subscribed for in advance, and expect the sale to reach 150,000 copies. The Longmans will publish the work in England. "Uncle Remus" scored a success for this firm, having already reached a sale of 10,000 copies, while it has been republished in England.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have in press a volume by General O. O. Howard on the well-known Nez Percés chief, Joseph.

The "Brinley Sale,"—the sale of the third part of the remarkable collection of American books, formed by the late Mr. George Brinley, of Hartford, Connecticut,—has been an event of importance in American bibliography. Three-fourths of the collection have now been disposed of, realizing \$110,000,—a price largely in excess of the original cost to that accomplished and patient collector,—and which proves conspicuously that there is no better investment possible to be made than a good library. The sensation lot of the sale, of course, was the Gutenberg Bible, the only one in America, with the exception of the copy in the Lenox Library, at New York. It was printed between 1450 and 1455, and is probably the first book ever printed with types. The New York Times thus describes it:—"The text is the vulgate of St. Jerome, with his prologue, familiar only to scholars. The type is Gothic, and not only the hundreds of illuminated capitals, brilliantly colored and decorated, but the paucity of typographical errors and the nice execution of detail, evince its title to precedence of many other copies in point of origin and its production as an exemplar. The capitals are, many of them, emblazoned with ornamentation in gold, and the two volumes are in the original binding,—thick oak boards sheathed in calf, beautifully stamped, protected at the corners with ornamental shields of brass, and decorated at the centre with designs in the same metal and bosses. The edges of many of the leaves are uncut, and show traces of the cues of the rubricator. They are very broad, measuring 15½ by 11½ inches on the leaf. The book is without title-pages; there is no pagination. The 641 leaves are printed in double columns of 42 lines each, and the initials and rubrics are in manuscript. The large folio volumes are of nearly equal thickness—the first, of 324 leaves, ending with the Psalms, and the second, of 317, completing the text. One leaf of the first volume is in *fac simile*, and 16 of the second. The Gothic letters are as fresh as they were 400 years ago. The paper has acquired the mellow softness of antiquity, but its uniform freedom from discoloration is almost unique among ancient volumes. For four centuries the book lay buried in the obscure library of the Prediger-kirche, at Erfurt, where it was discovered some fifteen years ago. Dr. Bruno Stübel,

the Leipzig antiquary, was the first to publish a description of it in the *Serapeum*, numbers for August 15 and 31, 1870. It is older than the vellum copy in the National Library in Paris, possibly, by two or three years, the illumination and binding of the latter having been completed, according to a note at the end of the second volume, on the day of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, Aug. 15, 1456. The copy is in an excellent state of preservation, unstained by time or mildew, and has evidently never been washed. The decoration is arabesque. This edition of the "Mazarin Bible,"—as it is sometimes erroneously called, from the discovery of the first copy ever fully described, in the Mazarin Library,—has quadrupled in price within half a century. A vellum copy in 1769 brought \$420 in France; it was resold in 1815 for \$1252. Another vellum copy, bought in 1825 for \$3520, sold in 1873 for \$17,000; a third, paper, advanced between 1841 and 1853 from \$950 to \$2980, and another from \$998 in 1854 to \$13,450 in 1873. Mr. Hamilton Cole, of New York, obtained the Brinley copy last week for \$8,000. John Allen's copy of the first edition of Eliot's Indian Bible, sold for \$900; it is probably the largest, finest, and most desirable of the dedication copies of this famous book. The Pennsylvania Historical Society bought Governor Stoughton's copy of the second edition for \$590; Jonathan Edwards's brought \$550. Other important works sold were Increase Mather's sermons in Indian, \$115; the famous copy of Rikel (Mexico, 1544), the second book printed on the continent, a little Gothic letter pamphlet of twelve pages, not numbered, containing a compendium of directions for the conduct of processions and ceremonies, and bearing Maximilian's book-plate—\$525. Nodal's "Relacion del Viage,"—\$240; Eliot's "Further Account of the Progress of the Gospel among the Indians of New England,"—\$130; two volumes of New England Genealogical tracts—\$332; Laudoniere's "Histoire Notable de la Floride,"—\$250; Romans' "History of East and West Florida,"—\$265; Filson's "Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucky,"—\$120, etc.

It is an interesting feature of the anonymous series of novels, which it is now the fashion to publish, that the secret of authorship is so well kept that the author's name is rarely known more than a week before the volume is published.

"Six Months in Meccah," is the name of a book just issued by Tinsley, of London, in which the Mohammedan pilgrimage to the Holy City is described by Mr. J. F. Keane, (Hadj Mohammed Amin), an Englishman professing Mohammedanism, who was commissioned to undertake the journey in order to report to the British Government how the pilgrims might best be protected from disease and imposition.

The University of Oxford has conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts on Mr. Alexander Macmillan, for seventeen years publisher to the University.

A remarkable old Bible is soon to arrive in England from Germany. It was printed by Daniel Bomberg, in 1553, and then passed into the possession of Andreas Wesling, who obtained from Luther three octavo pages of Latin theological comment, and from Melancthon two pages and a half, and bound them up with the text. It afterwards belonged to the collection of the famous Count Zinzendorf.

Trübner of London has issued Captain T. H. Mason's "Life of General Garfield."

Among the new books published at London is a novel by "Marcellina," bearing the title of "Ireland's True Daughter," and dedicated "by permission" to Mr. Gladstone.

One of the most remarkable volumes that has recently issued from the English press is "Prison Life and Prison Poetry," by an author who takes the name of "Bill Sykes." He composed his verses while doing four years, and retained them in his memory till he was liberated and had free access to pen and paper. One particularly touching poem, "Husbands and Fathers," challenges admiration for what it effected in a moral way, more than for what it is in a literary way. The author records: "I was repeating these verses once to a convict who was doing four years for assaulting his wife. 'Yes,' he said, 'they're werry touching, but I've got this here consolation—when I had the old woman down, I never kicked her more than twice in the same place.'" A curious comparative test of moral poetry!

Gustave Flaubert's posthumous novel, "Bouvard et Pécuchet," just published, is a pessimistic and decidedly monotonous book, which will not add anything to his reputation.

Dean Stanley has written the preface to the last volume in the complete series of Charles Kingsley's works—that on "The Gospel of the Pentateuch and David."

A memoir of Lord Clyde, better known as Sir Colin Campbell, is at last to appear, the trustees of that gallant soldier's papers having taken seventeen years to make up their minds on the subject of allowing selections from them to be published.

Herr George Brandes, the clever German who last year reconstructed Lord Beaconsfield from his novels, has written an interesting article in the Goethe Annual, on the popularity of Goethe's works in Denmark. It is only within the last decade, he says, that the appreciation of Goethe and the other great writers of Germany has become general in Denmark; and this result, strange to say, has been brought about by the influence of French ideas and French literature in the country. The Danes have, in fact, become acquainted with the best achievements of German literature through the leading critics of France. The old Danish translations were poor, and the Danish dislike of Germany, intensified by the war of 1864, told against the popularity of all German authors.

Victor Hugo's new poem, "The Four Winds of the Spirit," will appear next month, and will have four divisions—satirical, dramatic, lyrical and epic.

A model book is the biography of Justice Mookerjee, by a government professor of English in a college in India. That eminent jurist, the reader is informed, was at first, "a gay butterfly of society," but by studying at "the deep and awful hour of

midnight," attained such eminence in his profession that his elevation to the bench was regarded as "most judicious and tip top," and created a "catholic ravishment." One morning last year the Justice felt a slight headache, which grew in intensity till "he left the court like a toad under a harrow." The physicians did their best, "but it proved, after all, as if to milk the ram," and after "remaining *sotto voce* for some hours," that ornament of the bench passed away, leaving his distracted family as "a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish."

Ten thousand copies of "Endymion" were sold in Canada,—the largest sale which any book has yet reached in the Dominion.

The late Mr. James Spedding was a fellow-student with Tennyson at Cambridge, and ever afterwards his intimate. It was to him that Tennyson addressed the poem,—"To J. S.;" and two other well-known copies of verses,—*"Of old sat Freedom on the heights,"* and *"Love thou the land,"*—were inspired by one of his speeches at the Cambridge Union.

The Hibbert Lectures for 1881 will be delivered on the 26th inst., and the five following Tuesdays. Mr. Rhys Davids is the lecturer, and his subject is "The Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by Buddhism."

The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "History of Napoleon III.," will be published in July.

Colonel Prjevalsky, the well-known Russian traveller, has retired to his family estate near Smolensk, where he will devote himself to the preparation of a book of travels describing his recent attempt to reach Lhasa, and his exploration of the upper course of the Hoangho, and also his journey to Lob Nor four years ago.

Robert Browning is at work on a new poem, "Achilles and Pentesilea."

Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik has brought out a new volume, "His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches."

Colonel Th. Iung, whose volumes on the childhood and early career of Napoleon have been received with such marked favor, has made a discovery of much importance in the archives of the French Department of Foreign Affairs—the original manuscript of the "Memoirs" of Lucien Bonaparte. It is found that in the published "Memoirs" about a third of the written manuscript is omitted, together with the notes by Lucien's widow. Among the passages thus suppressed are not only some valuable details concerning his great brother's youth and family, but a complete history of the "conspiracy"—such is the term which is employed—of the 18th Brumaire, with a list of all the persons engaged in it. Colonel Iung has asked permission of the Government to publish the "Memoirs," and will undoubtedly receive it. That of the Bonaparte family will not be needed, as the manuscripts are the property of the State.

The second and third volumes of General Adam Badeau's "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," the third volume of Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," and a book of selections from Mr. David Dudley Field's arguments, addresses and miscellaneous papers, are among the most important works announced by Appleton,

DRIFT.

—M. Muntz's experiments (the iodoform reaction,) show that alcohol is to be found in all kinds of water, except very pure spring water. Rain and river water contain about one gramme per cubic metre; snow and cold rain a little more. It also exists in the earth, even poor soil, in the quantity of 100 or 200 grammes, giving the iodoform reaction. The diffusion of the substance in nature is accounted for on the theory of the destruction of organic matter by various agents of fermentation.

—The excitement about malaria and sewer-gas has reached such a point in New York, that, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Sturtevant House, and other prominent caravansaries, the stationary wash-stands and pipes have been removed from many rooms, the old-fashioned pitchers and basins being substituted.

—They sin who tell us eloquence is dead "in our midst." Witness this passage from a speech on the insurance question, delivered in the Massachusetts Legislature, by Mr. Poor, of Lawrence: "The nebulous masses now floating in space will have had time to be developed into worlds as beautiful as ours, and to contain legislatures as wise and tonguey as this, before we play second fiddle to a foreign lobby."

—The Isle of Man has held its first parliamentary election under the new law, which confers the suffrage on female property-holders. A woman was the first voter at the polls. Manx politics are of a curious sort, the Churchmen and Methodists being allied against the extreme Nonconformists.

—The native census enumerators of Rangoon, in British Burmah, struck recently, because the superintendent used the word "uninstructed," for "ignorant," when alluding to them. They did not object to being called "ignorant," but were mortally opposed to being styled "uninstructed." It was one of these officials that returned all the infants in his bailiwick as "deaf and dumb," on the ground that they did not understand what was said to them, and could not make themselves understood. Their wisdom reminds one of the matter-of-fact officer at Gibraltar, who, when his comrade fell over a precipice three hundred feet high, and was killed, made the usual report, "Nothing extraordinary has happened since the last report," defending his action by the averment that, if the man had not been killed, that would have been something extraordinary; but as he was—!

—Reported maxim of a Paris paper: "We only practise those virtues that pay their expenses."

—The members of the council of health in Paris, pay an annual visit to a certain number of makers of confections and bonbons, in order to investigate their methods and materials. Their report this year was to the effect that in general scarcely any poisonous coloring matter is employed in the candy manufactories of Paris. A few years ago there was a great deal of chromate of lead and arsenic employed to color the boxes and cornucopias. The colors used now for the candies themselves are the aniline colors, in which there is very little poison.

—The French Academy have postponed for a twelvemonth the award of a prize offered for a rhymed eulogy of Lamartine. Of 178 poems submitted, all but four were summarily discarded as unworthy. One, by a Hugo of the future, was in lines of fourteen syllables; another contained this noble couplet:

"Louis Philippe voulait lui donner une place,
Mais il la refusa, préférant le Parnasse,"
while a third described the author of "*Le Lac*," as begging for charity:

"from generous hearts,
Like the blind beggar at the Bridge of Arts."
Prize competitions never fail to awake whatever of idiotic slumbers in the bosoms of the competitors. Thackeray has repeatedly burlesqued them; but never did Thackeray invent anything so grand as this couplet concerning Nebuchadnezzar:

"He murmured as he cropped the unwanted food:
'It may be wholesome, but it is not good!'"
And MacFlecknoe, himself, might have envied this passage, describing the illness of the Prince of Wales in 1870:

"And day by day the electric message came
'The Prince no better but still much the same.'"
—An approach to phonetic spelling is making its way with German printers. Thus, the new edition of Herzog's *Realencyclopädie* omits the superfluous *h's* of the old spelling. Should any of the writers in this great repository of information on the history of theology, have occasion to quote Luther's version of 1 Cor., v., 6, (*Euer Ruhm ist nicht fein*, "Your glorying is not good,"), he will probably find that the omission of the *h* from *Ruhm* conveys a new and unexpected sense to the popular eye. This omission of the silent *h's* was proposed more than a century ago, and the proposal provoked John George Hamann to write his "Apology for the Letter H," (1773) in which he proved that the principle at stake in the matter was exactly that which underlay the then fashionable Illuminism, of which he was, in some respects, the ablest opponent and critic. Hamann is as good as unknown to English and American readers. Outside of histories of German literature or of German theology, we have observed but one English reference to him, but that highly appreciative. It is in Dr. Pusey's reply to Professor Vaughan, in the controversy as to the comparative merits of teaching by textbook and by lecture. In Germany he enjoys the suffrages of Kant, Herder, Jacobi, Goethe, Baader, and many others, besides the elaborate enmity of Hegel. Besides Roth's first collection of his works, there is a recent edition of his best works and his letters by Petri, and another by Gildemeister, part, at least, of which have reached a second edition.

—"Battle," "Murder," and "Sudden Death," are the society names of three fair sisters in New York, whose charms are peculiarly killing.

—A Chinese witness at Buffalo was sworn in orthodox style the other day—on a chicken. The court officer borrowed a valuable game-cock for the purpose, and was horrified to see its head solemnly cut off by the witness. It used to be the custom in Australia to promote Chinese law-suits whenever the commissioner at the gold fields fancied chicken, the carcasses being his perquisites; but the Celestials soon saw through the stratagem, and took oaths upon burning matches, wishing that their souls and lives might be blown out if what they swore were untrue.

—There is sometimes fun in the use as well as in the making of indexes. In the "Remains" of Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh,—one of the last books Coleridge read,—there is a story of a former Mayor of Oxford. One day was brought before his Worship a man accused of breaking into a neighbor's garden, and stealing thence a large quantity of fine ripe gooseberries. His Worship was very wroth. He said to his clerk: "Fetch down from that there shelf Barns's 'Justice,' and Blackstone's 'Totemporaries.'" Now, sir—(O, you rascal, I'll punish you, you—) now, sir, look out gooseberry—look out gooseberry (I'll punish you, you—) The clerk looked through the index of each book. "Please, your Worship, there's no gooseberry here—I can't find gooseberry." The Mayor looked himself; but gooseberry was not to be found! "Ah!" said the Mayor, "you've escaped this time,—but I shall speak to Parliament, and I'll take care a law shall be made, and I'll have no stealing of gooseberries for the future." All this is true.

—The fifth International Congress of Orientalists is to be held in Berlin next fall. (12-17 September.)

—According to a little paper published on the Trenton man-of-war, the only person on board found able to sing "the Star Spangled Banner" was an Irish boy.

—Robert E. Lee,—Colonel William Winston Fontaine, of Louisville, claims he has established—was seventeenth in direct descent from Robert Bruce, and possessed very many of his notable characteristics.

—Two intelligent residents of Accomac county, Va., got into a dispute recently as to the number of days in a month, and the man who held for forty days was nearly killed before he admitted his error, and agreed to receive the truth.

—New York city has a judge on the bench of its Supreme Court who is incurably afflicted with softening of the brain, and is insensible to what passes around him. No insane person can be tried while in that state; he cannot be induced to resign, and if he were removed the title of his successor would be invalid.

—There is a petition before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, asking that the legal protection heretofore extended to the sparrow be withdrawn, as he is proving an unmitigated nuisance to the farmer. To this, all who are interested in our native birds will give their support. This impudent foreigner—the devil's own bird, as Dr. Martin Luther called him—has driven all our wrens and robins out of the cities, and is now repeating the process in the country districts. When they have multiplied sufficiently in any neighborhood, they go in flocks to attack the large birds and tear down their nests; and they never give up their warfare until they have driven out all competitors,—*solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*. And while they fill the place of the other birds, they do not do their work. They live on grain and berries, much more than on worms or insects. Of all this the American people were amply forewarned when they began the importation of this noisy, quarrelsome feathered nuisance. But measuring worms were the horror of that day, and the sparrow was welcomed for its destruction. A much nobler and more desirable British bird has been imported recently by some New Yorkers, who have set at liberty a number of meadow larks. This is only a repetition of an experiment made some years ago in Chester Valley, in Pennsylvania, but in vain. The dry, hot summers and hard winters are more than the larks can stand.

—In a New York Journal recently appeared the following cheerful advertisement: "My wife, Mary Ann, is strayed or stolen. I will break the head of anybody who returns her to me. As to giving her credit, every merchant has the right to do so, but as I have never paid my own debts, it is not probable that I will pay hers."

THE DRAMA.

THE "ANTONY" OF THE ELDER DUMAS.

OF the eight plays which were announced and translated as forming the repertory of Mlle. Sara Bernhardt during her tour through America, six were produced at the New York engagement; a seventh, the "*Etrangère*" of the younger Dumas, she has since acted in Chicago; and the eighth, the "Antony" of the elder Dumas, is said to be reserved for performance when she finally appears in New York again and makes her farewell to America—for the present, at least. Occasion serves, therefore, to consider now and here one of the most remarkable of French dramas—the play, indeed, of which Dumas was so proud, that he was wont to say that "Antony" and his son were his two best works.

Even in the thick of the battle between the Classicists and the Romanticists, when the latter opposed to the staid decorum of the former the most glowing pictures of fiery passion, free from all bond or limit,—even at such a time "Antony" gave a sharp shock to those who saw it, and owed its success to the sudden and startling surprise upon which the curtain fell, and which left the first spectators too astonished to protest. Byronic influence, always powerful among the exuberant young iconoclasts, had peopled the dramas of the day with fellows of the "Giaour" sort, naughty, self-contained and passionate bastards, bearing their bar sinister as though it were the grand cross of a mighty order. The reaction against the cold conventionalities of classic tragedy had given birth to a long line of lovely ladies, sad and suffering, and sentimental and sinning. As the contemporary epigram had it—

"À croire ces Messieurs, on ne voit dans nos rues,
Que les enfans trouvés et les femmes perdues."
Nowhere are these two figures more powerfully fashioned and more powerfully put upon their feet than by Dumas in this play; and *Antony* and *Adèle d'Hervey* are types of the great lengths to which the revolutionary zeal of the revolting Romanticists could carry them.

Antony loved *Adèle* before she was married, but did not ask her hand because he was illegitimate. He absents himself for three years, and then returns, to find her a wife and a mother. In the first act, he saves her life from a runaway before her door, and is brought into her house seriously injured. To remain under the same roof with her, he tears the bandages from his wounds. In the second act, his passion is so powerful that *Adèle* thinks it best to seek safety for her fragile virtue by secretly joining her husband, who is at Frankfort. The third act passes in a post-inn on the road to Frankfort. *Antony* has learned *Adèle's* flight and discovered her destination, and contrived to pass her on the road. He engages the only two rooms in the house, and hires all the horses, sending them on with his servant. When *Adèle* arrives she is forced to wait for fresh horses. The landlady asks *Antony* to cede one of his rooms to a lady travelling alone, and *Antony* gives up one room, having seen that the balcony affords a means of communication. *Adèle*, forced to pass the night by herself, is lonely and nervous; at last, however, she resigns herself, and retires to sleep in the alcove bed-room. *Antony* appears outside the window, breaks a pane, passes in his arm, shoots back the bolt, and steps into the room. As he locks the door through which the landlady went out, *Adèle* comes back. And the act comes to an end after this abrupt dialogue and action:

Adèle.—Noise! A man! Oh!

Antony.—Silence! (*Taking her in his arms and putting a handkerchief over her mouth.*) 'Tis I! . . . I, Antony! (CURTAIN.)

In the fourth act, we are back in Paris again. The relations between *Antony* and *Adèle* are beginning to be talked about. Both are present at a party, and after much talk about the new literary theories, in the course of which Dumas follows the Aristophanic precedent and makes a personal defence as well as a direct assault on the *Constitutionnel*, the newspaper most opposed to the new views. *Antony* retorts severely on a scandal-monger who reflects by innuendo on *Adèle*. Made wretched by this attack, *Adèle* withdraws early; and *Antony* follows her in haste as soon as his servant arrives post-haste from Frankfort, announcing the hourly return of *Adèle's* husband. He gets to *Adèle's* house, in the next and last act, before the husband, and the guilty pair make ready for flight. All of a sudden, *Adèle* bethinks herself of her child. *Antony* consents to take the child along. But the mother cries out that her open shame, confessed by her flight, will surely be visited on her daughter in the future, and that death would be better than exposure and humiliation. In the midst of the heated talk of *Adèle* and *Antony*, a double knock is heard at the street-door. The husband has got back. Flight is no longer possible. There is no way of escape. *Adèle* begs for death in preference to shame. She is one of those who held, with *Tartuffe*, that

"Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pêcher que pêcher en silence!"

Now, when silence is not possible and scandal is inevitable, she cries aloud for death. As a sharp knock is heard on the door of the room, *Antony* asks her if she means what she says? if she would welcome a death which might save her reputation and her child's? if she would forgive him for slaying her? *Adèle*, out of her mind with the excitement of the moment, begs for death. *Antony* kisses her and stabs her. Then the door is broken in; the husband and servants rush in and stand in horror, as they see *Adèle* lying in death. "Dead; yes, dead!" says *Antony*, heroically; "she resisted me, and I assassinated her!" On this the curtain falls finally.

Of course this story is preposterous, if you consider it calmly, but this is just what the author will not let you do. He allows no time at all for consideration. He hurries you along with the feverish rush of the action, as restless as it is restless. As the younger Dumas has told us, "Antony" is to be "studied by all young writers who wish to write for the stage, as no where else is interest, audacity and skill carried so far." The elder Dumas knew how audacious his story was, and how important to its success was the leaving of as little time as possible to the play-goer for sober second

thought. When the curtain fell on the fourth act at the first performance, there was great enthusiasm, and Dumas sprang upon the stage and shouted to the carpenter, "A hundred francs for you if you get the curtain up before the applause ceases!" By this presence of mind he succeeded in springing his very ticklish fifth act on the audience while they were still excited over the fourth.

The proud and lonely bastard, who was the hero, had been called *Didier*, and had made love to Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme* before he was *Antony*, the lover and assassin of *Adèle d'Hervé*. There was more than a family likeness between Dumas's hero and Hugo's; and when "*Marion Delorme*," written in 1828, and forbidden by the censors, was at last acted in 1831, not long after "*Antony*," charges of plagiarism were not wanting. Alexandre Dumas came forward at once and said, ingeniously enough, that if there was a plagiarist, it was he, as he had heard Victor Hugo read "*Marion Delorme*" before "*Antony*," was written. If we can thus discover in *Didier* the father of *Antony*, it would be hopeless to attempt to count all the children of *Antony*. A play, like any other entity, is perhaps best judged by its posterity. A very successful play, like "*Antony*," has a progeny as numerous as a patriarch of old. *Antony's* offspring are a pernicious brood, from the elder Dumas's own efforts to put him again on the stage, under other names, down to the "*Princess of Bagdad*," the latest play of the younger Dumas, the three chief characters of which all show the hereditary taint. In the list of the French plays of the past half century, there is a long line of monsters, violent, headstrong, bloody, and impossible; and all of them own *Antony* for their father. Of late, as scepticism grows, and passion forcibly repressed is more fashionable than passion forcibly expressed, the play-going public does not take very kindly to *Antony* or to his children. It is many a long year since "*Antony*" itself has been acted in Paris; it is as long, nearly, since any play in which his influence is emphatic and visible, has had any success on the French stage. The "*Princess of Bagdad*," the latest play of the younger Dumas, is almost as preposterous an impossibility as "*Antony*" itself; and in spite of its modern dress, cut in the latest fashion and trimmed with the sharp wit of which its author alone has the secret,—in spite of the fame of the dramatist and the aid of some of the chief actors of the Comédie Française, the "*Princess of Bagdad*" has been a distinct and dismal failure. Fifty years ago, "*Antony*" was as distinct a success. The world moves. Outside of France, neither "*Antony*" nor "*Antony*"-ism has ever been popular. So far as we know, there has never been acted in any English or American theatre any adaptation of "*Antony*;" nor had it ever been translated into English before the "books of the play" were prepared for the American season of the French actress now in this country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WRITTEN BALLOTS, OR VOTING BY CHEQUES.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN.

SIR: The world moves, but we do not always move with it. We give a few turns to a wheel, and it continues to revolve for some time after the hand is withdrawn. It is much like this through all nature, in which we may include for the present argument the habits and ways of man. Many years ago, few could write. Public writers were a distinct class. It was the privilege of nobility to employ them to do what they could not do for themselves. If my Lord Somebody wished to say something to John Nobody, the scribe wrote that "Lord S. begged to inform John N. that he requested him," and so on to the end. In time, every one learned to write for himself; but the manner of the secretary continued. Lord Somebody still wrote of himself in the third person, as the secretary did. The writer of this has seen, at this day, business letters of the same stamp. "Mr. Montague desires to inform Mr. Hodge Podger that he has concluded to engage his services as farmer, and requests Mr. Hodge Podger to call on him to-morrow at 9 o'clock." This imitation of the clerical age is, however, nearly obsolete, but not so in society affairs. Still, "Mr. Smith requests the honor," and somebody is supposed to be ready at hand to respond for Mr. Brown that "he will be most happy." The social wheel which revolved round the scribe is still running, though the force which started it has in a measure died away. The cumbersome system which requires a voter to appear personally at the polls is just such another relic of a by-gone age. In "ye good olden time," before printing was in vogue, there could be no way of conducting a popular election other than for the elector to go personally and express by word of mouth for whom he voted. Printing came to his aid, and made the ballot a possibility. It revolutionized the manner of conducting all business. The general diffusion of intelligence added to the sum total gained. One may no longer carry bags of gold to the place of deposit, and go personally as he needed to take the gold away. The printing press gave him bank notes, and with a stroke of his pen he could withdraw his deposits, though thousands of miles away. Guards were thrown around signatures, till the danger of loss from forgeries became infinitely less than even would be possible under the most perfect system of personal demand. We know all this, and how great is the change which the universal use of the pen has brought. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive how our forefathers got along. The immense amount of time and money saved, the increase in positive security, the premium which it places on absolute intelligence,—all strike any one forcibly who gives the matter any thought at all. In every branch of human knowledge we have pushed forward on this line, except in the direction of the ballot-box. Here we stand just as we did a hundred years ago. We have to give our personal attention to it, precisely as if we had no public schools and the bulk of the population could neither read nor write. Think but for a moment of the immense cost of a public election. The year succeeding the adoption of the new Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, in the success of which the writer took much interest, he became a candidate for judge in an election division of the city of Philadelphia, in order to watch the inside workings of the

election laws,—especially the workings of the provision for numbering ballots, for which he had been many long years an advocate. During the examination which his election permitted, he found that it cost the city of Philadelphia, immediately out of the public taxes, a dollar and a half for every vote cast in his division. Then there were the sums spent by each party for "election expenses,"—including window-book men, watchers,—and, he has reason to believe,—though it would be hard to prove it,—many a trifle, from a dollar to five, for the conversion of those who expected to reap no personal benefit from "tariff" or "free trade," and whose only political stock in trade—indeed, their only earthly possessions—were in the shape of "a country to sell." Add to all this the immense army of unemployed men, and you will be surprised to find that an election in a large city like Philadelphia means the expenditure of a quarter of a million of dollars! The moral expense might be a text for another sermon.

Now there is no reason why a voter may not prepare and send his ballot from his own house, just as he would his bank cheque; and, just as he would do with his bank cheque, mail it, and then go about his business. The business of preparing papers and ballots, mailing them to the voters, receiving and counting the votes, could all be done in one central office, and the grand army of division officers, and enormous expenses attendant on the six or seven hundred divisions of a great city like Philadelphia, be in great part dispensed with.

There can not be the slightest objections to this plan of cheque-voting but these:

Would it not lead to more fraud than the present plan?

Would it not destroy the secrecy of the ballot?

Would it not disfranchise those who could not themselves sign their cheques?

As to the first objection, it is not likely any system will be perfect. The frauds connected with the present system are of great magnitude. It would be no objection to this plan that it would not be perfect. There are so many ways by which the plan of cheque-voting could be carried out with safeguards, and which any ingenious person could devise, that it seems almost out of place to dwell on these methods here. Citizens could register their names with numbers, assessors could take names as now, with duplicate names and numbers, written at residences by the persons known to reside there. These correspondences can be filed, so as to be accessible at a moment's notice by proper indexing. If the parties known to reside at certain residences are not "at home" when the assessor calls, they can come with known vouchers for identity to the division assessors, to sign the names in duplicate, if they wish to vote. There is no necessity that the voting shall all be done in one day, as now. The necessary lists of the several political parties can be sent to the voters by mail two weeks before the final "closing of the polls." These, with the signature of the voter attached, can be returned by mail, and compared with the recorded signatures. A card acknowledging the receipt can be returned. Instead of a list of voters who may vote, as now published by the Sheriff, publish a list of those who have voted, by which any failures to receive votes may be at once noted and repaired. The man who receives no card of acknowledgment will naturally look to see if his name is on the list. When sufficient time has been given for all this to be done, count the votes. The time for all this seems great, at first thought; but experience would continually tend to shorten and perfect it.

As to the objection about the secrecy of the ballot, this all remains as now. The voter's name is on the outside of a small sealed envelope, enclosed in a larger one through the mail. When satisfied that the signature on this envelope corresponds with the one on record, it is opened, the ballots numbered as now, and put into the ballot-box.

As to the third objection, there would be little more difficulty than now,—probably less. The writer's experience shows that now ten per cent. of the voters always fail to come out, chiefly from sickness, old age, or some disappointment by which they could not get personally to the polls. These could vote by the cheque plan. On the other hand, those who cannot write would not, perhaps, be ten per cent. of the whole adult male population. If it were, at first, the number would soon decrease; for the ambition to exercise the privilege of a freeman would be an argument additional to those already existing in favor of the ignoramus endeavoring at least to learn to write his name.

The only disadvantage would appear to be in the longer time required to collect the vote; but when we consider how much we save in cash,—how much we save in the time of the community,—how much more we encourage intelligent voting,—how great is the incentive to deliberate judgment in scanning the candidates' names in the quiet of one's own home,—and, above all, how we strike a blow at the wholesale bargaining and trading of votes when it is suspected "how the cat is going to jump" on election day,—surely the few days of office work connected with such a plan is a very cheap price to pay, and the perfecting of such a plan worthy of consideration by our best minds.

Philadelphia, March 30th, 1881.

THOMAS MEEHAN.

FINANCE.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1881.

There has been a fair improvement in the volume of business done in stocks at the Stock Exchange during the latter part of the week under review. The dealings for the first few days decreased so greatly that the market might be called stagnant, but since Saturday last there has been a steady daily increase of activity. But, with the improvement in business, there has been no bettering of prices. On the contrary, the speculation has manifested decided weakness and, broken by the usual rallies and variations, the tendency of quotations has been downward. Final prices are in most cases over 2 per cent. lower for the active stocks, with many of the declines exceeding 3 and 4 per cent. Among operators the "bear" sentiment seems to be extending and the closing time of the market was decidedly weak.

For an explanation of the inherent weakness of the present stock speculation—for that has been its characteristic, in spite of the firm appearance of prices at times—other matters than the money question must be looked into. The staple argument of the believers in higher prices is that money during the summer will probably be plethoric, and with the Government offering no more than 3 or 3½ per cent. on its loans, capital will drift into higher rate dividend-paying stocks and bonds and stimulate an advance of prices. The theory is that the enhancement of values will not stop until Wall Street securities are all at a premium which will yield only 3 or 4 per cent. to the purchaser. But extreme assertions do not attract the indifferent public, nor do they influence the large speculative element on the "street" that is out of stocks. Most of the large operators are generally believed to have little interest in the market at the moment and it is probable that should one or more of them attack the speculation, prices on their present basis would not offer great resistance. Then as to the general operators they are influenced more the immediately pressing questions of railroad earnings and crop prospects than the remoter consideration of what money may lend at in July or August. It will be surprising if the present range of values, which is 10 to 20 per cent. above the prices ruling this time last year, and 25 to 45 per cent. above the figure marked at the close of May, 1880, be maintained.

The condition of mind of the average operator was pretty well revealed in the absence of a response of the stock market to the announcement of Secretary Windom's plan for redeeming the 6s of 1881, or extending them at 3½ per cent. interest, unless a decline may be called a "response." The popular impression had prevailed that, with the definite declaration of Mr. Windom's policy, the renewal of the uncertainty that existed would exert a beneficial influence on prices. But the publication of the 102d call for bonds came, and no sensation followed, and to-day we find the thoughts of operators directed on the subject of the crops, and the possibility of a spring railroad war. As to the fate of the crops, little definite can yet be learned. But late advices give a more gloomy prospect than the early ones gave. The winter weather is said to have been sufficiently changeable to disturb and destroy the sprouting of a large part of the winter wheat, and the tenacity with which the ice and snow hold the great Western region in their hard embrace, is rendering the delay in the preparing of the ground for the planting of the spring wheat a very serious matter. Although it is too early yet to predict a heavy failure of the crops, the unpromising situation is not attractive to the purchases of the granger or the trunk line shares. An effort was made to give a favorable appearance to the reports for March and for the first three months of the year of railroad earnings. But analysis has shown that on a mileage basis most of the Western and Northwestern roads, with heavier bonded debts than at this time last year, make a very unsatisfactory exhibit. Within the last few days, also, ominous signs of possible coming trouble among the lines that were happy and harmonious last year, while they had enough business to go round, have appeared to help discourage the anxious (!) buyer of stocks. The falling off in business, from the effects of the rigorous winter, and the largely increased movement this season of grain down the Mississippi River for export, has caused "cutting" in East-bound freight rates. The necessities of the situation compelled a reduction of 5 cents per 100 pounds in the rates on grain some time ago; but on last Saturday another similar reduction was made in consequence of the detection of several of the trunk lines and their connections in taking shipments below schedule rates. The freight tariff now stands 10 cents per 100 pounds on grain below the highest rates of the winter. To-day it was reported that Commissioner Fink, of the railroad combination, had severed the thongs that held the roads together on rates, but he pronounced the rumor untrue, and denied knowledge of any new "cutting" below Saturday's reduced rates. The danger to be feared when the play of "cutting" rates is begun, is that the actors in it are apt to become over-zealous in attempting to obtain most of the business at command, to say nothing of the influence of some of the high railroad magnates, should their position in the stock market be not compatible with the smooth sailing of prices.

The speculation in Southern State bonds has about spent its force and the activity in these securities has greatly diminished. Prices, however, have shown remarkable firmness, and the closing concessions in prices are not material. Government bonds have received a stimulus from the announcement of Mr. Windom's financial policy and prices are up nearly 1 per cent. for the earlier issues and fractionally better for the low-rate bonds. In the railroad bond market special features, of only local importance, have enlivened the course of an otherwise dull and irregular market. Good investment bonds, however, hold their own in price very well.

The event of the week in financial circles has been the announcement by the Secretary of the Treasury that he will redeem all of the outstanding six per cent. bonds, amounting to \$195,690,400, on July 1, 1881, provided, however, that in case any of the holders of those bonds shall request to have their bonds continue during the pleasure of the Government, with interest at the rate of three and one-half per cent. per annum in lieu of their payment at the date specified, such request will be granted if the bonds are received by the Secretary of the Treasury for that purpose on or before May 10. Upon the surrender of the bonds with such request, the Secretary will return to the owners registered bonds of the same loan with the fact that they are continued as stated stamped upon them, the interest to July 1 to be prepaid at the old rate, and semi-annually thereafter, at the rate of three and one-half per cent. per annum. This announcement has generally been interpreted as outlining the future financial policy of the new administration respecting the refunding of the five and six per cent bonds until Congress makes some other provision for their redemption. There is a very strong disposition in financial circles, which is not confined to either party, to sustain the present administration as far as possible in whatever course it may adopt, believing that the

President has no other motive at heart than to promote the general welfare of the country. There is little doubt that the national banks, which hold about \$47,000,000 of the six per cent. bonds, will, with few exceptions, accept the proposition to extend the loan indefinitely at three and a half per cent., and it is the very general belief that the savings banks, insurance companies and other institutions will do the same thing. The plan of the Secretary gives him from May 10 to July 1, to provide for the redemption of such portion of the six's as are not extended, and he will be abundantly able to meet any demands made upon the Treasury for that purpose. In fact, by the sale of \$104,000,000 of 4 or 4½ per cents, and the use of other available funds, the Secretary would have no difficulty in redeeming all the outstanding 6 per cents. A great deal of time was taken up by Secretary Windom to examine the law and to determine his future policy in doing as nearly as might be possible what Congress should have provided for last Winter. Notwithstanding the fact that he had the assistance of able counsel, there is a strong impression, however, that his present scheme is illegal and considerable apprehension is felt that serious trouble may follow. The act of July 17, 1861, authorized the issue of bonds bearing 7 per cent. interest, and payable after twenty years at the option of the Government, but the act of August 5 of the same year, contained some important modifications, section 7 reading as follows:

"And it be further enacted, That the Secretary of the Treasury may sell or negotiate for any portion of the loan provided for in the act to which this is supplementary, bonds payable not more than twenty years from date, and bearing interest not exceeding 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, at any rate not less than the equivalent of par for the bonds bearing 7 per cent. interest, authorized by said act."

It is here plainly stated that the bonds will be "payable not more than 20 years from date," and it is difficult to understand upon what authority he now proposes to extend those bonds indefinitely. If the rate of interest of the 6 and 5 per cents. can be reduced from 1½ to 2½ per cent., it is certainly a desirable thing to do, and an earnest effort was made last winter to provide for such a reduction, but the effort was not successful, and Secretary Windom is not a law-maker, but only an executive. There is great danger that his present action may therefore lead to serious complications in the future.

Although the announcement made by the Secretary covers only the 6 per cent. bonds, it is generally supposed that a part of his plan is to take a similar course in reducing the interest on the 5 per cents., providing his funds are not exhausted in redeeming the 6s; but the law of 1870 under which they were issued provides that the payment of any of the 5 per cents shall be made in amounts "to be determined from time to time by the Secretary of the Treasury at his discretion, the bonds so to be paid to be distinguished and described by the dates and numbers beginning for each successive payment with the bonds of each class last dated and numbered, of the time of which intended payment or redemption the Secretary of the Treasury shall give public notice, and the interest on the particular bonds so selected at any time to be paid shall cease at the expiration of three months from the date of such notice." It is claimed that under this section the Secretary cannot redeem a bond bearing any given number without either paying or providing funds to pay all bonds bearing a higher number. The act is also explicit in declaring that the interest shall cease at the end of three months from the time of the call. It is evident, therefore, that any attempt to do anything else except redeem as many of the bonds as the Secretary has available funds to pay for, may lead to complications which every friend of the Government desires should be avoided.

The statement of the New York banks which was issued last Saturday, when taken in connection with the transactions at the Sub-Treasury, was again involved in mystery. For the past two weeks the Sub-Treasury has lost over \$13,650,000 in specie, the amount last week being over \$10,000,000, while the banks have gained less than \$3,000,000. During the latter part of March considerable gold was sent to country banks to assist them in making their April settlements, but this gold has since been coming back, and it is impossible even to guess with any probable degree of accuracy what has become of a large portion of the Treasury coin disbursements, as the domestic exchanges fail to account for shipments. If it is worth the trouble and expense necessary to prepare weekly statements of the condition of the banks, it is certainly desirable that those statements shall reflect their actual condition at some specified time. Notwithstanding the comparatively small increase in reserve, the total reserve of the associated banks now amounts to \$72,900,000, and it is over \$2,300,000 greater than for the corresponding week of 1880.

The Court of Common Pleas has decided the question as to the legality of the election for officers and managers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, in favor of the McCalmont ticket which was elected March 14, but the decree of the Court contains no enforcing power, and a petition has been presented to the United States Circuit Court, setting forth the proceedings taken in regard to the election and praying for relief. It is evident that Mr. Gowen intends fighting his battle to the bitter end, and as he is one of the receivers of the Railroad Company and president of the Coal and Iron Company, and a number of the connecting lines of the Reading Railroad, it looks as if it might be some time before his absolute control of the property can be wrested from him.

The Philadelphia market has been treated to more than the ordinary number of topics of interest during the past week, among which were the decision of the Court respecting the election mentioned, and the election on Tuesday of Mr. Jay Gould as President of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company, together with a number of his associates as Directors, Mr. Gould having purchased a large block of stock of Col. Thomas A. Scott. The reported trouble between the trunk lines, on account of freight rates, has had a depressing effect upon the price of Pennsylvania Railroad stock. The prices of other stocks have shown moderate fluctuations and close generally steady.

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